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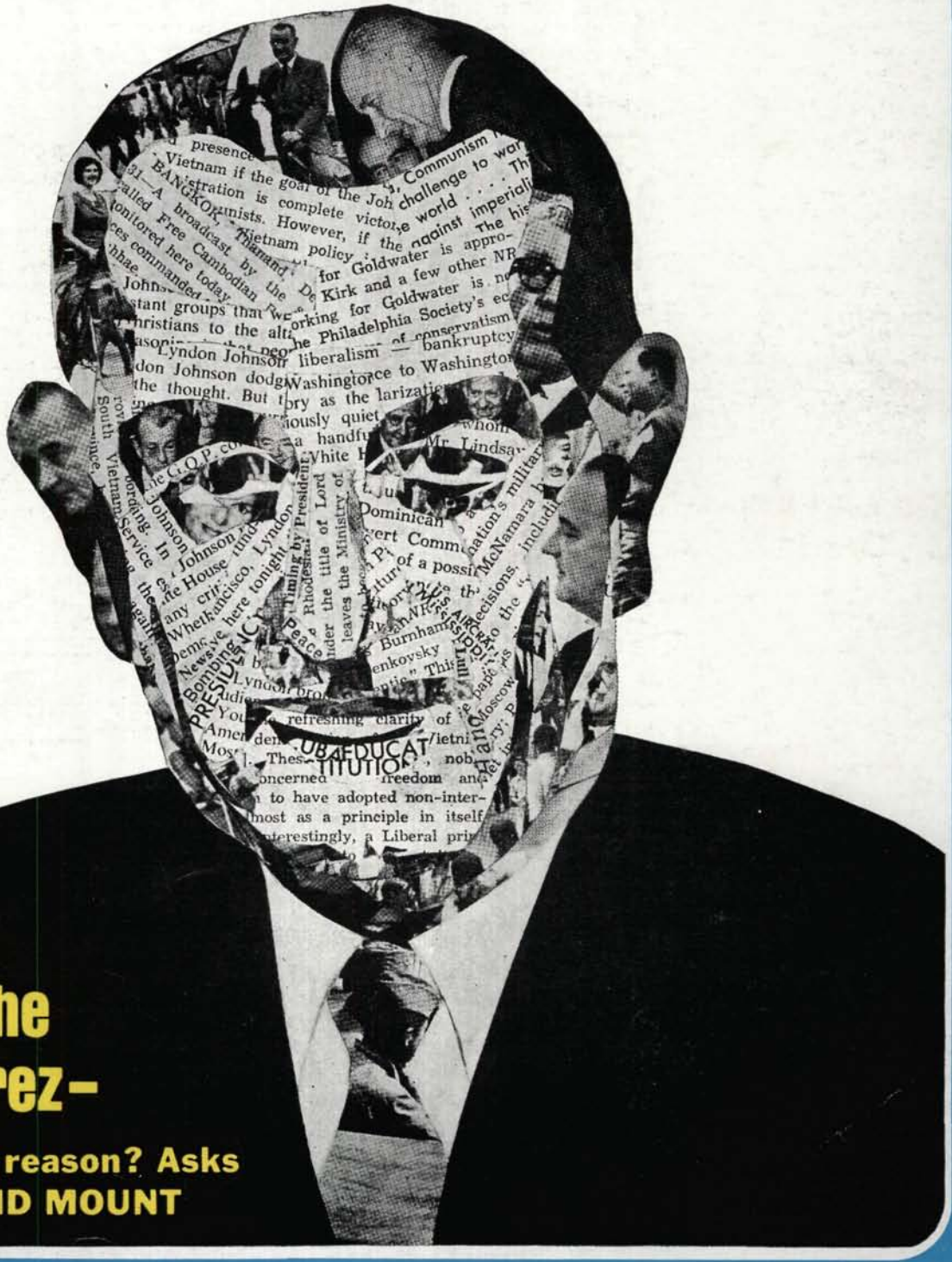

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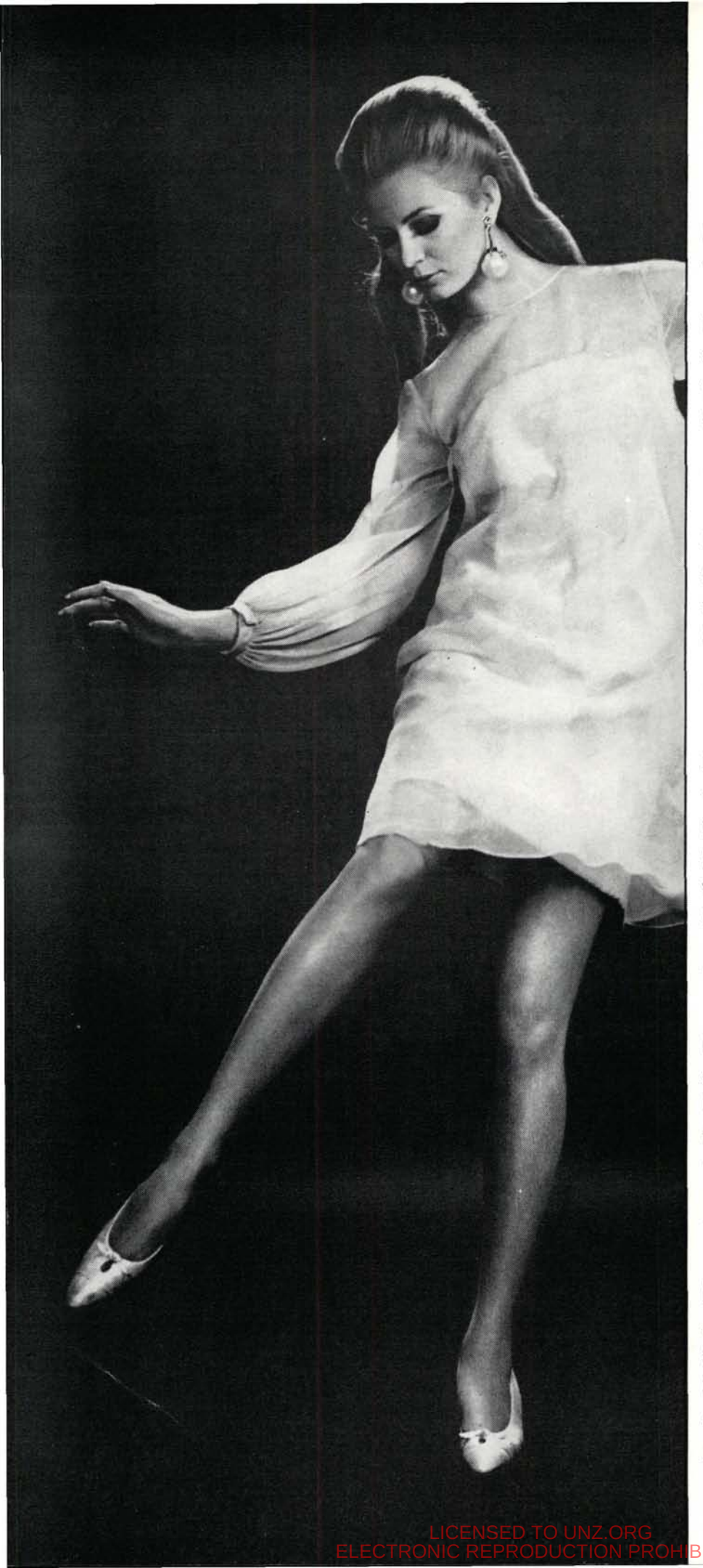

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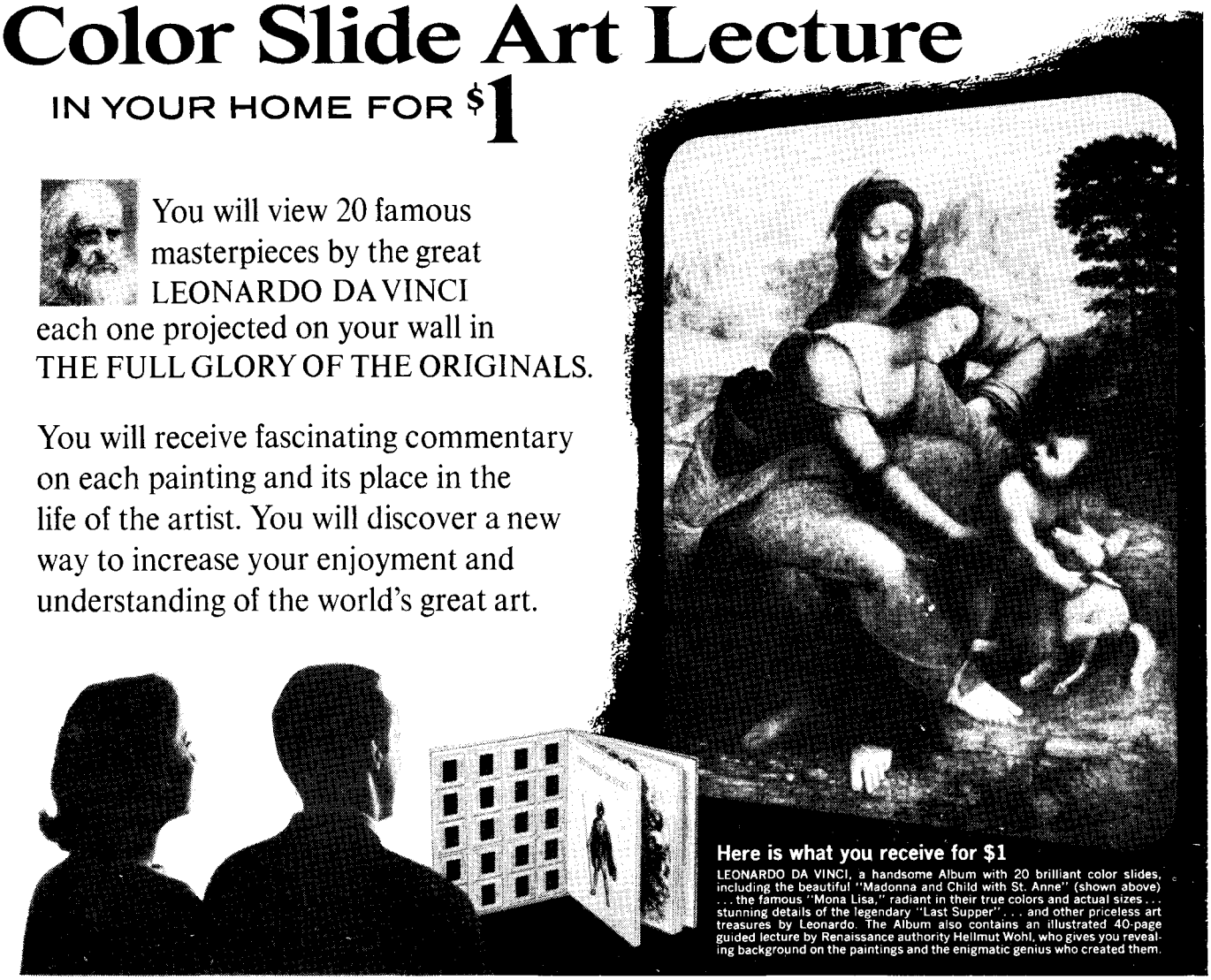

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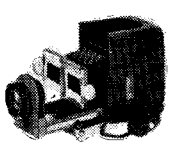

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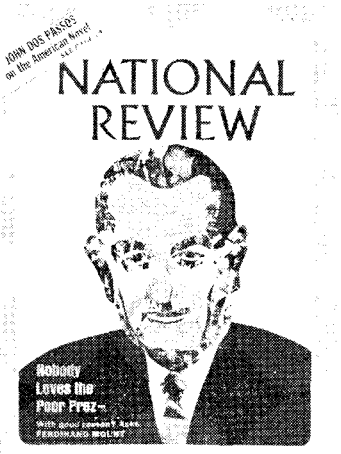
IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ Would you buy a used country from the man whose face appears on our cover? And why not? "Nobody loves the poor Prez," the Prez has been heard to mutter, and after a cross-country tour during which he noted the mutterings of the public plus sundry graffiti, **Ferdinand Mount,** the young British journalist, set himself to probe the reasons why "this staggering indifference to a President elected three years ago by an equally staggering majority" may *not*, after all, cost LBJ the election in 1968. . . . Johnson will be re-elected *if*—but read also **Barry Goldwater,** an expert on the subject, as he discourses on a variety of current plagues, including Vietnam, crime, the draft, and Nelson Rockefeller. . . . Dignitaries of church and state were present as **John Dos Passos** received the Feltrinelli award for distinguished contributions to fiction and historiography. The ceremony was held in the eighteenth-century Corsini Palace, Rome; the designating body was the venerable Academy of Lynxes (founded by friends of Galileo); the benefactor was the industrialist Antonio Feltrinelli (d. 1944); and the occasion was marked by the recipient's reflections upon a long and extraordinarily productive career. . . . Two reports from abroad: **Elspeth Huxley** surveys Africa as the newly submerging nations face the new year, and **Justus M. van der Kroef** writes from Ceylon of Peking-directed subversion in that and neighboring countries. Professor van der Kroef, born in Jakarta, is a specialist on modern Southeast Asian affairs whose latest book is *Communism in Malaysia and Singapore: A Contemporary Survey.*



➔ **James Burnham** ponders the new isolationism of the liberals: is it really isolationism or is it a kind of ideological fastidiousness? . . **Frank S. Meyer** confronts the violence of the nonviolent resisters as Martin Luther King prepares his spring offensive on Washington.

➔ A new and very respectable book on liberalism and conservatism in America is examined by our London correspondent, **Anthony Lejeune,** who concludes that American liberals are every bit as exasperating as the British breed. . . . **Herbert A. Kenny,** book editor of the *Boston Globe,* responds in kind to W. H. von Dreele's first book of verses, *If Liberals Had Feathers, Gee/What a Hunter I Would Be.* If you didn't get a copy for Christmas, order now—it's moving fast. . . . The durable Durants Will and Ariel, have brought their history of the world as far as the French Revolution, and **Brenton H. Smith,** professor of history at Miami University in Ohio, finds it something of an anti-climax. . . . A new Englishing and editing of *The Will to Power* prompts a new look at Nietzsche by **Stephen J. Tonsor,** who teaches intellectual history at the University of Michigan. . . . In a controversial Broadway production **Arlene Croce** discovers one more great play to add to the Eugene O'Neill canon. ➔

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LETTERS

More Unsatisfactories

Re your "2nd Annual Guide to Unsatisfactory People" [Dec. 26] how could you forget:

a) The *mother* of Joan Baez.
b) Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.
c) Rev. Adam C. Powell Jr. (in exile).
d) Bobby Kennedy, for not supporting Senator McCarthy.
e) Drew Pearson, for his remarks, as you point out, about Shirley Temple.
f) Melina Mercouri.
g) Charles de Gaulle—the gold expert.
h) Pope Paul—the military strategist.
i) Claude Kirk—for disagreeing publicly with his mother.
j) H. Rap Brown—who has hurt the art of conversation.
k) George Hamilton.
l) Bert Russell.
m) Bert Parks.
n) "Dr." Harry Edwards (of San José)—who wants an all-white Olympics team.

Hanover, N. H. RICHARD K. REED

Abolishing Christmas

Harold O. J. Brown's essay [Dec. 26] on Christmas objectors expresses exactly but more tactfully some thoughts I've been harboring these many years, especially as to those people who have determined to destroy Christianity utterly but meanwhile are hoping to have the Supreme Court banish Christianity completely from public life. These people seem so blinded by hatred they can't see the danger to themselves or to the nation should our Christian values be lost. Let us remember, when Hitlerism, Fascism and Communism took over they first thoroughly secularized their governments as the *sine qua non* for human slavery. And slavery was abolished here by Bible-quoting Christians and "Battle Hymn of the Republic"-singing Christians; not by the Supreme Court, which had decreed that human slavery was perfectly legal under the Constitution.

WILLIAM J. MCLAUGHLIN

Manorville, N. Y.

NR and Nasser

As a former admirer of the courage and integrity generally of NATIONAL REVIEW, I am crushed with disappointment at some of your recent remarks on the Mideast conflict. Nothing could be more idiotic than James Burnham's comments about President Nasser in your December 26th issue. Certainly I am no fan of Nasser's, but *surely* Mr. Burnham must have a better understanding of the President of Egypt's motives than he displays in this badly-informed and misleading article.

Because it is virtually impossible to get any letter that is even remotely critical of Israel into any mass-circulation publication in this great free country of ours, I will not waste time refuting Mr. Burnham; but I will protest that it is unfortunate that NATIONAL REVIEW's dedication to freedom seems to extend little beyond New York, and certainly does not include, it would seem, the human rights of the Arabs.

MARGARET J. HOWELL

Bloomington, Ind.

Onward with Who/Whom

Re The Great Who/Whom Controversy and Neil McCaffrey's letter [Dec. 26], I doubt many authorities will consider he to be correct.

Bakersfield, Cal. CHARLES M. BARRACK

Now, alas, Mr. McCaffrey has joined Mr. Burnham in error.

It is a fact that, strictly, both the subject and the complement of a copula or copulative verb are in the nominative. However, the subject and the complement of an infinitive are always in the accusative case, whether the infinitive is that of a copula, copulative verb, or any other verb. (The subject of an infinitive is really, in origin, the object of the verb on which the infinitive depends; and the *to* infinitive originally was a prepositional phrase.)

1. *Whom* do you consider (*to be*) the five leading *contenders?*
2. I consider *them* (*to be*) the five leading *contenders.*
3. I consider the five leading *contenders to be them.*
4. *They are considered* (*to be*) the five leading *contenders.*

Sentences 1-3 illustrate the accusative subject and complement of the infinitive of a copula.

Sentence 4 shows that when the passive voice is used the implied verbid *to be* becomes part of a conglomerate copulative verb and its former subject (*them* in #2) becomes *they* as the subject of the conglomerate copulative verb. And *contenders* in #4 is a predicate nominative, agreeing in case with the subject *they.*

5. Please list the five men *who*—as of right now—are in your opinion the leading *contenders* . . .

Sentence #5 avoids the implied verbid clause. Relative pronoun *who* (nominative case) is the subject of the copula *are;* and *contenders* is the complement (predicate nominative).

Thus, the copula or copulative verb and their infinitives link equals in a grammatical equation: When the subject is in the nominative, the complement is a predicate nominative; when the subject is accusative, the complement is accusative. This corresponds with Latin usage: "A predicate noun or adjective after the copula or a copulative verb is in the same case as the subject." E.g., Dicit non omnes *bonos* esse *beatos.* Translation: "He says that not all good men are happy." Literally, "He finds not all *good men* to be *happy.*" The subject *bonos* and the complement *beatos* of the infinitive *esse* are in the accusative case.

End of grammar lesson!

Brooklyn, N. Y. DAN L. LEVY

. . . Grammatically, Mr. B. is wrong and the editor, right. However, "whom" is fighting a losing battle, especially in spoken English; e.g. *Who* do you Mean? *Who* did you speak to? *Who* did you say I should see? All grammatically incorrect but normal in spoken English. So, Mr. B. has spoken usage on his side.

Brooklyn, N.Y. J. P. EGAN

Mormon on the Move

All I can say for Mr. Kilpatrick's cover article on Gov. George Romney [Dec. 12] is that it was wishful thinking.

NICK JOHNSON, Chairman
San Diego Students for Romney

San Diego, Cal.

I find James Jackson Kilpatrick in "Romney: Salesman on the Move" grossly in error. Joseph Smith Jr. had only one wife, Emma, and no others ever. It was Brigham Young who propounded the plural marriage for those who followed him out to Utah. There is nothing in the Book of Mormon or in the doctrine and covenants of Joseph Smith's church which condones polygamy.

WALTER A. HOWELL

Lathrup Village, Mich.

Presidential aspirant George Romney's definition of the place of the Negro in the Mormon Church is euphemistic. To say the Negro is "denied membership in the priesthood" doesn't mean that he cannot become a member of the hierarchy or ruling body of the Mormon Church. Every full-fledged Mormon is "a member of the priesthood." The Negro simply cannot aspire to anything except second-class membership. He may attend church services in a Mormon Tabernacle, where the public of whatever persuasion is welcome, but he may never enter a Mormon Temple, where christening, marrying, and mourning are available to the Romneys in pure Mormon form and to other pure white Mormons.

Birmingham, Mich. ELSA LOCK

(Continued on p. 10)

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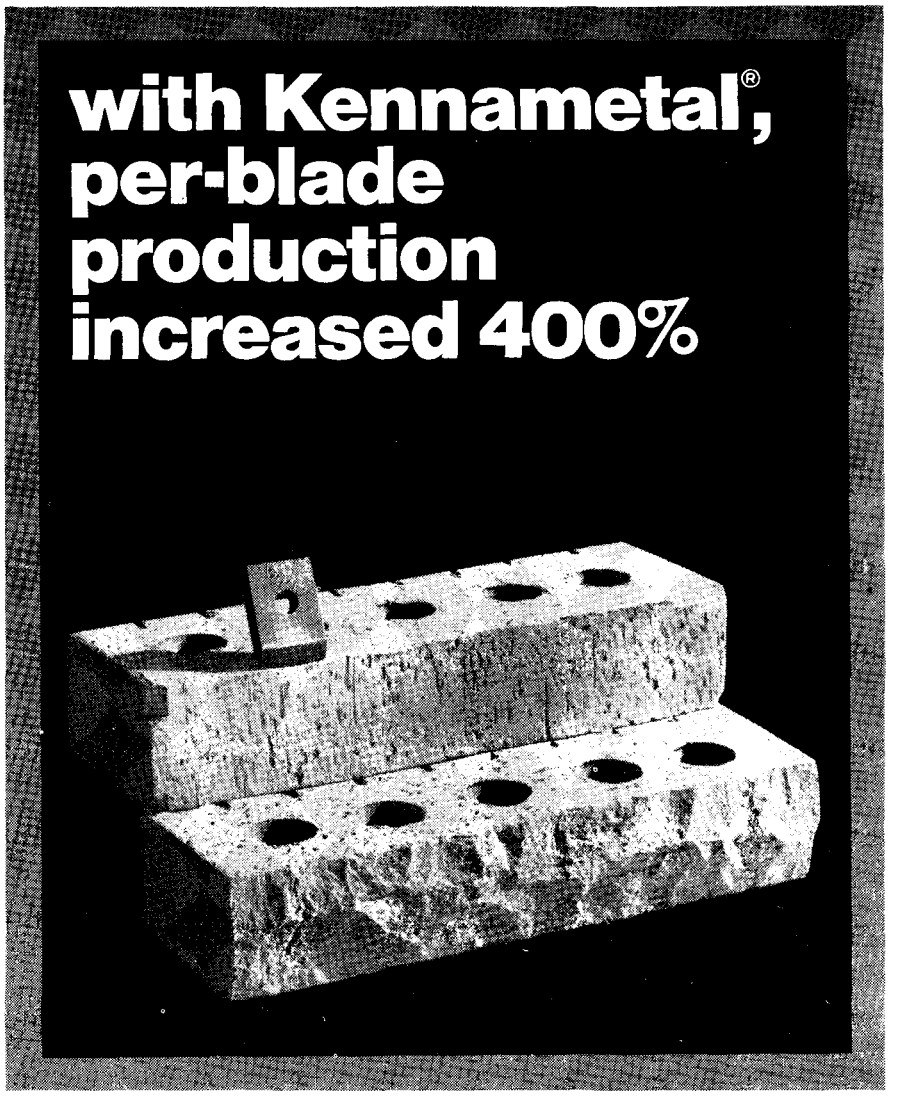

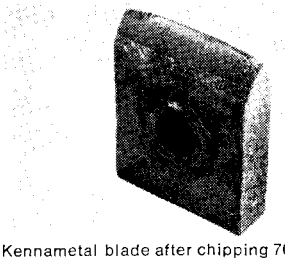

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LETTERS

(Continued from p. 8)

The 'Crito'

Your editorial quoting Plato's *Crito* [Dec. 12] as expository of Socrates' belief in obedience of the law well shows Socrates' view in relation to a particular problem, i.e. whether to escape or to complete his legal punishment. We might also see this position in relation to his whole philosophy. Dr. Wilhelm Windelband in his *A History of Philosophy* (1893, but still in print) presents this picture:

"Every man, [Socrates] says, acts in the manner that he considers best suited for his end, most beneficial and most useful; no one does that which he knows to be unfit for the end in view. . . . If, then, virtue is knowledge of what is to the purpose, it follows immediately that the virtuous man acts in accordance with his knowledge, therefore to the purpose, rightly in the way that is beneficial to him. No one does wrong knowingly and purposely: he only does not act rightly who has not right insight.

"Sin is, then, error. He who does a bad act does it from a mistaken judgment, regarding the bad, i.e. the injurious, as the good; for everyone believes he is doing the good, i.e. the advantageous. Only because the case stands thus is there any meaning in instructing man ethically; only for this reason is virtue capable of being taught. . . .

"From this standpoint Socrates raised the customary morality taught by popular moralizing to a scientific plane. All his keenness, subtlety, and dialectical dexterity were employed to prove . . . the only sure way of attaining to permanent happiness, lies in obeying ethical prescriptions under all circumstances, *in subordination to law and morals* [italics his]. So he gives back to Authority her right. . . ." (Footnote: ". . . If, for example, it has once been recognized as right to obey the ordinances of the government under all circumstances, this obedience must then be rendered, even if the ordinance evidently commands the unreasonable and the unjust: *cf.* Plat's *Crito*. . . .")

Socrates, the symbol of Western dissent and civil disobedience, was the first great conservative. All this the erudite Dr. King should know.

Los Angeles, Cal. BENNETT GILBERT

Cleveland's Troubles

Along with Saul Friedman ["Focus on Cleveland," Nov. 28] I agree, admit, and regret that bloc-voting strictly on racial lines marred the mayoral elections in Cleveland and Gary. The fact that a "anti-something" polarized the bloc trend more so than a "pro-something" is likewise unfortunate.

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I take issue, however, with a different segment of the article. The references to the Negroes' awakening to the persistent realities of squalor, rent, and rats even after Mr. Stokes' election and to the certainty of his eventual failure border on abject cynicism. I know of no candidate or official who promises or accomplishes the cleansing of all squalor, the funding away of all poverty, or the demise of all rats. Presences and absences should not be the criteria; degrees should. The desirability and attainability of less squalor, less poverty, and fewer rats are without question.

The world regrettably cannot be perfected, but it surely can be improved.

St. Louis, Mo. TIM F. WILSON

I believe Mr. Friedman's hypothesis on the Cleveland situation is false. I also believe that his conclusion is false and only time can be the answer.

Willoughby, Ohio ROBERT E. SORENSON

Austria's Government

E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's article [Nov. 28] was very much to the point concerning the Austrian socialists' ridiculous fear of a comeback of the Habsburg monarchy. However, I do have to correct one thing. Kuehnelt-Leddihn wrote, ". . . Now, years later, a right-wing government has finally given him [Otto von Habsburg] a passport." The present government in Austria is certainly far from being right-wing. I would rather compare it with the Conservative Party in England, which shifts more and more to the left.

Baltimore, Md. ELFRIDA STEINGASZNER

Minimum Wage

I believe that you have misinformed your readers on the effects of the new minimum wage of $1.40 per hour under the Fair Labor Standards Act.

It should have been noted that the Fair Labor Standards Act recognizes the problem of paying minimum wages to handicapped workers and student learners. Section 14 of this Act specifically provides for sub-minimum wages for learners, apprentices, students, and handicapped workers. In fact, some farmers in Arizona have been permitted to pay students the low wage of 85 cents per hour. I just read that the California cotton growers are objecting to the $1.00 per hour they have to pay all their employees under the Fair Labor Standards Act. At these rates, I am afraid I cannot share your sympathy for the difficulties imposed on the rural areas by minimum wage legislation. Free enterprise even in rural America should accept some social responsibilities along with its special privileges and, in some areas, government subsidies.

Oakland, Cal. GREGORY W. GOVAN

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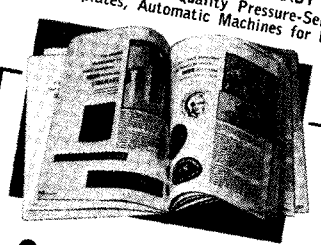

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The WEEK

● *Milestones*: Fifty years old . . . the KGB. Odd how closely its anniversary follows on the jubilee of the Revolution itself, particularly with Lenin being such an idealist.

● In the urban riots last summer 83 persons were killed, many thousands wounded and more than a billion dollars worth of property destroyed. A recent check of the main combat areas shows, for example: Detroit—of 7,231 arrested, forty in jail, mostly because of previous crimes, and a thousand at liberty who may be tried at some vague later date, mostly on minor charges; Boston—35 in total arrested after three days of mass rioting, bloodshed, looting and arson, five fined $500 each and three given three months in jail; Milwaukee—virtually all of the 1,323 arrested given suspended sentences; Cincinnati—the 404 arrested, with a handful of exceptions, allowed to plead guilty and given small fines or suspended sentences. In no cases have rioters been given long-term prison sentences or fines of more than a few hundred dollars. On the record, could even Earl Warren explain why a city dweller, if it struck his fancy, should not join in fueling the fire next time?

● FYI, that same October weekend our senses were gorged with reports of the ring around the Pentagon, there was another, larger demonstration in Newark, N.J. More than 55,000 marched, another 40,000 watched, all in support of American servicemen in Vietnam. The Newark parade was one of a number of patriotic activities that weekend, all inspired by the National Committee for Responsible Patriotism, a New York City organization that grew out of last May's Support Our Men in Vietnam Parade. Marches in Nassau County, N.Y., and the Bronx, and a 31-hour vigil in Brooklyn drew an additional 60,000 demonstrators. Countless motorists in the New York City area burned their headlights during daylight hours, in response to a NCRP request. The astounding organizational success of "Operation Gratitude" —as NCRP dubbed its weekend activities—must be credited to the volunteer housewives, students, businessmen, and secretaries who worked long hours without help from the news media to give advance publicity to the demonstrations. Operation Gratitude deserved the greater success of overshadowing the histrionics of the leftists in Washington: after all, NCRP brought together more people in more places with less publicity, less professional help, and far less money. But even after the fact, NCRP has not won general recognition for its accomplishments. Executive Director Charles W. Wiley noted that "the main explanation of TV news directors for their lack of coverage was that peaceful demonstrations are not news—that support of something is not news —that dissent is what interests viewers." So NCRP must content itself with the private knowledge that it is doing good work, and doing it extremely well.

● The Vietnam truces this Christmas and New Year repeat the story of every truce in Vietnam that we and our allies have agreed to. Not a word, sign or hint from Hanoi or the Vietcong about negotiations; dozens of Vietcong raids and ambushes resulting in scores of casualties to American and allied units hit under the disadvantage of passive, defensive positions adopted in compliance with the truce; maximum utilization of the truce cover for military regroupment by the enemy and movement of military supplies toward the fighting areas. Our fanatic adherence to this caricature of a truce went so far, over New Year's, that our commanders in Vietnam—undoubtedly by White House *diktat*—refused to dispatch air support to a South Vietnamese Marine battalion attacked in the Mekong Delta—an action resulting in nineteen South Vietnamese dead and 49 wounded. The Saigon government thought this a rather bitter price to pay, even to help President Johnson convince World Opinion of his good intentions.

● "They did more bitching than the average guy" about Navy life, recalled a former shipmate as Bailey, Lindner, Anderson and Barilla turned up in Sweden, where they'll be allowed to stay provided they refrain from pitching anti-American propaganda. "We would expect them to seek employment and behave themselves," says the chairman of the Swedish Aliens Commission, who gives it as his fatherly opinion that the four deserters are "too young to have any definite political convictions." All right, boys, get a job. There'll be no "working for peace in a neutral country," and no bitching about the long, cold, dark Swedish winter, either.

● The Soviets are noticeably skittish about renewing their cultural exchange pact with the U.S. One possible reason: the rising tide of literary dissent in Russia, as expressed in clandestine publications and an active underground cultural network, and the increasing risks taken by dissenters, in the form of protest demonstrations and open defiance of the secret police, to force a Western reaction against the

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kind of reprisals that led to the imprisonment of Sinyavsky and Daniel. The channels through which a *Dr. Zhivago* reached Western readers a decade ago have now multiplied, and the flow of information is considerable. The most recent arrival was the court transcript of underground hero Vladimir I. Bukovsky, and no less than Pavel M. Litvinov, the grandson of Old Bolshevik Maxim Litvinov (Soviet foreign commissar 1930-39 and Ambassador to the US, 1941-43) acknowledged that he had supplied it. The fate of individual transgressors like Litvinov is as yet undetermined, but one result of the turmoil has been a severe shake-up in the cultural affairs ministry.

● There were the bad old days when Stalin was alive and things were just awful. But they were never really that awful in Yugoslavia where Marshal Tito found out before anyone else how bad Stalin really was and announced, in the late Forties, that he wasn't going to play any more. However, the people in Marshal Tito's Yugoslavia who don't want to play with *him* are finding that things in *his* prisons are just about as bad as they were (and still are—see *NR* Dec. 12 on the treatment of Yuli Daniel) in K. and B.'s prisons. The case in point is the young Yugoslav writer Mihajlo Mihajlov, now serving his second prison sentence, for having the temerity to talk about starting a magazine critical of the regime. Mihajlov's mother visited him recently at the Pozarevac prison outside Belgrade and has written about the visit to her daughter Maria, who lives in Washington D.C. According to Maria, Mihajlov complained at being put to work in a kiln because he was a political prisoner. He was threatened with solitary confinement if he put the complaint into writing. He did so and was placed in the "icebox," a concrete cell without heat or light. His warm coat was taken from him and he was given only thin prison garb; his ration was cut in half; he was deprived of cigarettes and books, even the Bible. His mother reported that he was in bad physical shape, his face swollen and discolored. When she returned to Belgrade and complained to the authorities, she was told that there are no political prisoners in Yugoslavia, only common criminals. She wrote the story to Mihajlov's sister in the hope that it would be publicized and some international heat generated to place pressure on Tito to mitigate Mihajlov's conditions of imprisonment. To our knowledge, only the *Washington Post* has carried the story.

● Ernest Cole, a black South African photographer, has completed a tour of the United States (financed by $6,000 from the Ford Foundation) and announced himself "very much surprised to find bitter white racism in America." Everywhere he went, he saw "racial attitudes that were very much like those I know from South Africa." Mr. Cole has written a book about the homeland, *House of Bondage,* published by Random House. Was it published in South Africa? Uh-uh. Speaking of which, will Mr. Cole go back there? "I'm not about to go back to say 'Boss' to any man." Did Mr. Cole have to say "Boss" to any man in the United States?

● Remember back in '64, the reason George Romney was giving for withholding support from Barry Goldwater? It was because "he [Barry] changes his position on the vital issues of the day so much that you can't tell where he really stands."

Return of the Prodigal Dollar?

It was a cheerless New York's greeting that the President delivered to the nation from Johnson City, Texas. "I am taking a series of actions," he told us after an introductory hope that we had all had a good Christmas, "that are designed to reduce our balance of payments deficit by $3 billion in the year ahead, 1968." He, his aides and a prepared memorandum outlined what these actions are to be.

First come mandatory cutbacks on "direct investments" by U.S. business in Europe, and compulsory rules about repatriation of profits from existing foreign operations. Second, the "voluntary" restrictions on lending abroad by U.S. banks and other financial institutions are to be deepened and, if necessary, made mandatory. Third, U.S. citizens are urged "to defer for the next two years all non-essential travel outside the Western Hemisphere" and Congress will be asked to pass laws backing up this request. Fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh, the President will hope to do in the next two years some of the things everyone has been vainly hoping would get done in the past ten: reduce government expenditures abroad, increase U.S. exports, get tariff barriers removed and encourage more foreign investment and travel in the U.S.

This program, we believe: 1) is offensive to a free society because of its mandatory, coercive and arbitrary features; 2) will not work; 3) would not accomplish its goals even if it did work; 4) will have consequences harmful alike to the global and the domestic economy; 5) is not directed toward the primary ailments in our economy.

1) It is self-evident that coercive measures telling citizens how they may or may not spend their money and where they may or may not travel are contrary to the ideals and habits of free men in a free society. Moreover, assuming their stated target, these proposed restrictions are arbitrary—another characteristic of despotic as opposed to free government. Why

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should travelers be the ones called on to save the nation a $500 million annual outflow? Why not forbid the citizens, for example, to drink coffee, to pay for which a full billion dollars are sent abroad every year? Or cocoa? Why not order home all dependents of all U.S. employees, civil and military, serving overseas, plus the tens of thousands of employees who are dispensable to the nation's urgent needs. (You and I are to forgo our traveling in order to assure $30 million a year to maintain a 1,000-man staff at the U.S. embassy in Rio?) On what equitable basis does the head of government penalize corporations that—in line with the long-term economic interests of the nations—have built up overseas operations, but leave purely domestic businesses immune? To answer these questions—even if correctly—by the ukase of the executive is not the procedure of a free society. Granted, even a free society faces emergencies in which it must for special and temporary purposes limit its own freedoms. Such a dangerous resort is legitimate only when the emergency is acute and the remedy effective. The emergency in this case is perhaps near enough the mark—though one should note that, as customary, it is largely the failure of government to take earlier and indicated preventive steps that has brought on the emergency. But what of the remedy?—

2) The Johnson program will not work, even in the narrowest sense. It will not, if for no other reason, because the economic operations involved are much too complicated for such simplistic regulation. Even the control of travel by individual citizens is too complicated to be achieved by a non-totalitarian state. If you can't take off for Europe from New York, then you leave via Montreal or Mexico City. If you can't use your Chicago checking account for funds to spend abroad, you arrange for another account. If a bank can't lend abroad directly, its foreign subsidiaries lend Eurodollars. If a business must repatriate profits, its accountants change the column to "depreciation." But even if these mysteries could be solved, the President still faces challenge in the courts about the powers under which he is acting and heavy going for supplementary laws in a Congress subject to popular pressures.

3) But if this program did work, it would not reach its target. U.S. tourists cut down spending in Europe? Then, naturally, Europe cuts down spending in the U.S. Tourism generally declines? Then foreign orders for multi-million dollar U.S.-built jets are cancelled. U.S. businesses are not allowed to put money into upgrading their foreign subsidiaries? Then these will lose out to local competition and make less money to send home. The Johnson program presupposes that the economy of the rest of the world will remain unchanged while the U.S. economy makes self-correcting moves after its own fancy. Actually, the global and in particular the European economies will take compensating and retaliatory steps that will minimize any net effect.

And what if the Johnson proposals—self-defined by their very manner of announcement over the New Year holiday as an "emergency program"—did wipe out or much reduce the adverse exchange balance for 1968? That would not signify any fundamental improvement. The emergency coercive measures could not then be dropped without the old problems' immediate re-emergence. In truth, the restrictive and coercive measures would have to be constantly expanded in order to hold the economy in the same place, for the reason that much of their effect is one-shot.

4) The Johnson program may reduce somewhat the U.S. payments deficit in 1968, but while it does so more or less incidentally, its primary effects, so far as it is really carried out, will be to the detriment of the longer-term interests of both the domestic and international economies. The enormous overseas investment of U.S. business is of course a principal strength, not a trauma, of our economy. Even now, U.S. business is taking home $2 billion more in earnings from overseas than it is sending abroad as new investment, and most of the dollars invested abroad will only increase this net return in very short order. If the spending of U.S. tourists abroad exceeds the spending of foreign tourists here, that monetary differential is helping to build markets for U.S. goods and services and favorable opportunities for U.S. business expansion. The whole bias of these Johnson proposals is weighted toward restriction, protectionism and autarchy in the global economy.

5) Granted that a payments emergency has come about, it may be that emergency measures, perhaps including some of these now proposed, must be taken. But let them be recognized for what they are: temporary expedients dealing with fevered symptoms, not cures for the underlying illness. In the last analysis the international standing of a currency under mid-twentieth century economic conditions is not a derivative of its formal relation to gold or its speculative week-by-week fluctuations or even, within very broad limits, its year-by-year payments balance. Its standing depends ultimately on the health and strength and dynamism of the economy in its entirety: on the basic resources present, the skills and energy of the labor force, the talents of the engineers and scientists, the vigor and vision of managers, the fiscal and monetary responsibility of government. The really serious problem of the dollar is not the payments deficit but the creeping rot in some of these roots of economic health and growth: the actual decline over the past year—for the first time in decades—of the real productivity of the labor force, the unloosed wage-price spiral, the huge governmental deficits brought by bureaucratic overload and lavish handouts in excess of what the productive economy can support. In his New Year's proclamation Lyndon Johnson addressed himself to none of these underlying and

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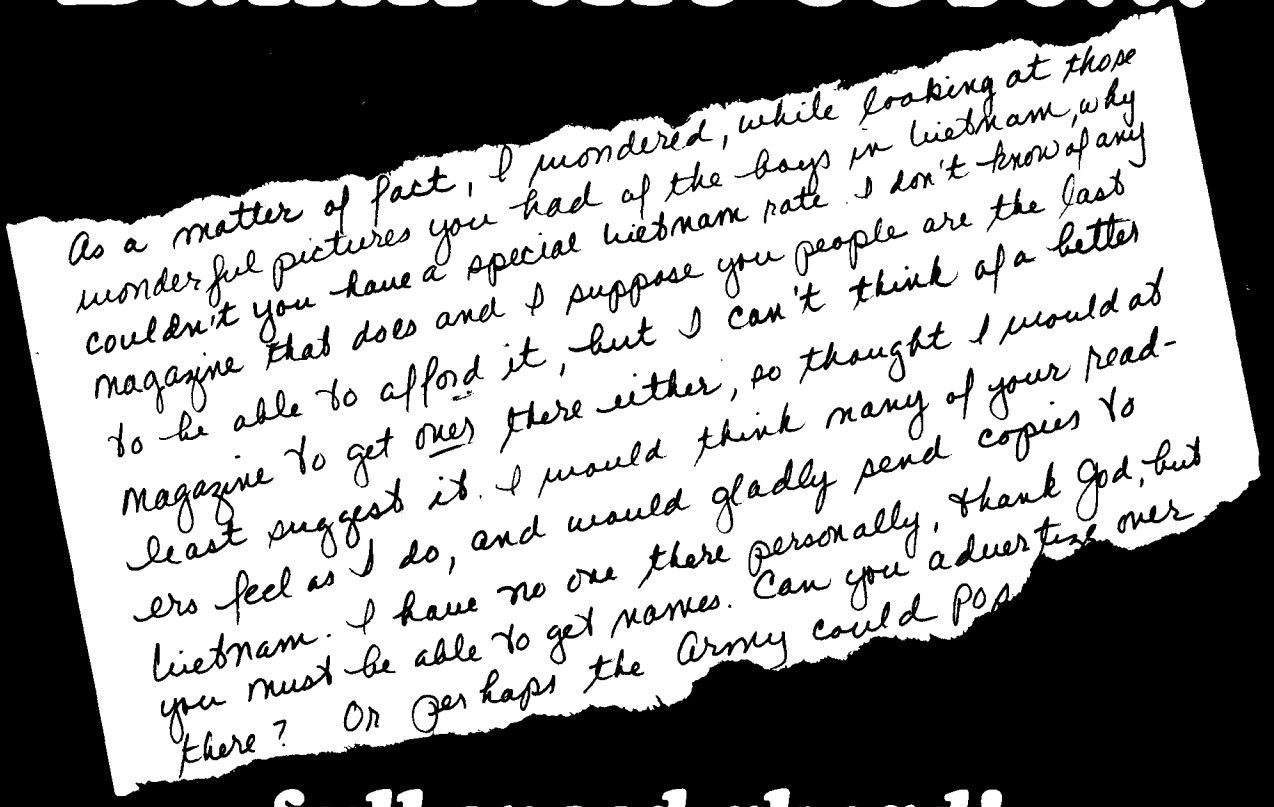
Damn the cost...


As a matter of fact, I wondered, while looking at those
wonderful pictures you had of the boys in Vietnam, why
couldn't you have a special Vietnam rate. I don't know of any
magazine that does and I suppose you people are the last
to be able to afford it, but I can't think of a better
magazine to get over there either, so thought I would at
least suggest it. I would think many of your read-
ers feel as I do, and would gladly send copies to
Vietnam. I have no one there personally, thank God, but
you must be able to get names. Can you advertise over
there? Or perhaps the Army could pos

full speed ahead!

We should have thought of this idea ourselves long ago. So starting right now, *National Review* will send your gift subscriptions to Vietnam for *half price!* {Read on for details}.

The fragment reproduced above is from a letter-to-the-editor (from a kind lady in Denver). For the life of us, we couldn't remember having seen the suggestion before—couldn't imagine why we hadn't been **asked** before, nor why we hadn't stumbled upon the idea **ourselves.**

Better late than never: beginning immediately, any **National Review** subscriber may send a full-year subscription to a serviceman* for just **half** the regular one-year rate. That's right—for just $5.00, you may send a subscription to Vietnam, to Germany—to anyone now in active military service. (Needless to say, any serviceman may subscribe for himself at the same $5.00 price for a full year.)

All you need do is use the handy reply card facing this page. We frankly have no way of telling whether the lady is correct in thinking that many of you share her feelings, but if this offer **does** prove popular, we will repeat it as often as possible (we would be delighted to have thousands of servicemen reading National Review!).

She may also be right in thinking that many people who would want to send subscriptions do not personally know anyone now in service—so we are busily exploring ways of acquiring such names and addresses, and will be more than happy to handle that part of the problem for you.

Thus even if you don't know a serviceman, but want to send NR to Vietnam or elsewhere, just fill in the Donor's portion of the card, write "Send gift in my name" and mail it back to us. We'll do the rest.

If you want to send more than one subscription, feel free to write us on your own stationery. **You may give as many gifts to servicemen as you wish at this special $5.00 rate.**

Naturally, we must limit this below-cost offer to **active servicemen only**—and you would be doing **us** a favor if you enclose payment with order, to save us the additional cost of billing you. But if you like the idea, then by all means act on it without delay! Use the card facing this page now, before you forget!

* We do **not** mean to exclude service**women**: Wacs, Waves, Nurses—they all qualify too!

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controlling problems: an understandable omission, since if he had done so it would have been made clear that not business investing abroad or citizens vacationing in Europe but he and his Great Society blueprint are the primary threats to the dollar.

Smell of Battle

Everett McKinley Dirksen, Republican leader in the Senate, has for the past three years been President Johnson's most valuable congressional ally. On the Vietnam war he has given firm, continuous support to the President's policies—in notable contrast to the wavering position of Senator Mike Mansfield, the Democratic leader. On many key domestic issues his shrewdly timed moves have squeezed through the substance, if not all the Great Society bonuses, of Administration proposals.

Senator Dirksen's admirers and critics, variously dismayed, puzzled or delighted by this seemingly tame performance, can take comfort from the final 1967 issue of the *Congressional Record*. In an "extension of remarks" reapplying the rhetoric that proved so fortunate for the GOP in 1952—in the midst of another U. S. war in an Asian peninsula—Senator Dirksen flays the Johnson regime root and branch. In particular he denounces Lyndon Johnson's conduct of the Vietnam war, in almost the same words he and General Eisenhower used in 1952 to denounce Harry Truman's conduct of the Korean War: "Our casualties mount daily, the skyrocketing costs of combat soar beyond sight, the unpopularity of the war among our people intensifies hourly and there is little evident reason to hope for victory in the foreseeable future. For there is no prospect of peace, no promise of stability, no hope for the better in the policies of this Administration."

On careful reading, one will find that Senator Dirksen's "remarks" nowhere argue that we should have stayed away from Vietnam in the first place or that we should now pull out. In the canny way of the wholly professional politician that he is, he is seeking to exploit dove (and isolationist) sentiment against the war without giving comfort to the dove program. A distant, dragged-out, unpopular war is an irresistible target to a political opposition; the Republicans cannot be expected to forgo it in the Vietnam instance. But it will be a remarkable feat of political acrobatics if, following this Dirksen lead, they succeed in riding the swaying wire of the sentiment without falling into the net of the program.

Song of India

A few years ago Joseph Lelyveld of the *New York Times* was in South Africa keeping up a regular drumfire of dispatches on the iniquities perpetrated by that nation especially in regard to political prisoners. Now he is in India filing news of startling import to collectors of iniquities which so far no one has bothered to collect—not, certainly, anyone on the editorial page of the *Times*. The *mystique* of India so popular among Western liberals, must really be riding high these days, so much so that emergency legislation for the control of internal subversion gets to be one thing in South Africa, where it is universally deplored, and another in India, where it went practically unnoticed until the first of this year, when the Indian Home Ministry declared itself ready to lift the Defense of India Rules that had been in force ever since the border war with Communist China five years ago.

Under the Defense of India Rules, the government could hold presumed malefactors without trial or right of appeal indefinitely—in South Africa the limit for detention is 180 days—and it could and did hold, not only Peking subversives, but just about anyone suspected of illegal or rebellious conduct. Indeed, among the 770 souls released in January was Sheik Mohammed Abdullah, whose crime it has been over the years, to preach self-determination for Kashmir, that perennial bone picked between India and Pakistan. The Sheik, a determined man (they call him "the Lion of Kashmir"), has spent all but sixteen months of the last fourteen years in jail. Advance notices, a few months ago, of his release heralded an imminent settlement of the Kashmiri question but, as things turned out, the government would have freed the Sheik to do anything but go home to Kashmir, and so he refused to be freed.

Now that the government has suspended its Defense of India Rules and glad bells of freedom ring out restoring constitutional rights, is the Sheik home free? Alas, those freedom bells have the leaden clank of jailhouse doors, for as the government gave up its emergency repressive powers it took on new and permanent ones by authority of Parliament. This amazing new bill makes it a crime, punishable by up to seven years' imprisonment, for any Indian "whether by an act or by words, either spoken or written, or by signs or by visible representation or otherwise . . . on any ground whatsoever . . . [to] disclaim, question or disrupt" India's right to any territory she claims to hold. So much for the Lion of Kashmir. So much for the civil liberties of anyone proposing the validity, on the one hand, of Pakistan's claims on Kashmir or, on the other, of Communist China's designs on, say, Sikkim, *or* (assuming anyone exists in India foolhardy enough to try it) the nonvalidity of India's right to Goa. It is called the Unlawful Activities Prevention Act, and South Africa would have to go some to beat it. *Her* claim to the territory of South West Africa is, after all, a matter of hot concern to the UN owing to the well-known

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way she governs her internal affairs. But India? *Pale hands we loved beside the Shalimar . . .* (Music up and out.)

Fair Weather Friend

Between 1954 and 1960 Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia played both sides of the street, friendly now with Red China and Russia, now with France and the United States. In November 1960, John F. Kennedy was elected President of the United States. In the spring and summer of 1961 JFK connived in the "neutralization" of Laos, which meant in fact that he forced the ouster of the pro-West Premier Boun Oom in favor of the neutralist Souvanna Phouma. In November 1963 with U.S. assent not to say connivance, South Vietnam's anti-Communist President Ngo Dinh Diem was deposed and murdered. Twelve days later Norodom Sihanouk declared he was canceling all U.S. aid and demanded the withdrawal of U.S. military and technical advisers. The Prince figured—as well he might after the Bay of Pigs, Berlin, Laos and the U.S. role in turning Dutch New Guinea over to Communist-dominated Sukarno—that America was uninterested in Southeast Asia, uninterested in stopping Communism.

Between 1964 and 1968 the U.S. started pouring troops and planes into Vietnam. Sukarno was toppled from power but at just about the same time Peking unleashed an atom bomb. What was a little Prince with nothing much of a country to do? Sihanouk sat tight. Then, in 1967, the North Vietnamese started a little subversion of their own in Cambodia's northern provinces; some of Sihanouk's own cabinet started playing footsie with Peking, but most of all Sihanouk looked around and found that the war in South Vietnam was going well for the South Vietnamese, that in Laos Souvanna Phouma had moved from being a neutralist to a Western ally. Thailand was a U.S. base; Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines and Korea were sending troops to Vietnam to help in the war. Mao Tse-tung had civil war on his hands. Indonesia was being run by anti-Communists; the leaders of Singapore and Malaysia approved the U.S. position in Vietnam. Last week in answer to a written interview with the *Washington Post,* Prince Sihanouk finally and in his own circuitous way admitted the presence of enemy troops in Cambodia. He said: "I am skeptical of the possibility for Vietnamese forces [North Vietnamese and Vietcong] of any size to live in the deserted and inhospitable zones where food is scarce. However, if this is the case, and if limited combat breaks out between American and Vietnamese forces, both illegally in Cambodia, it goes without saying that we would not intervene militarily." Which is Sihanouk's way of saying, come and get them, boys.

CANNED APPLAUSE

Coup-Coup

If ever there was racialism, it is in the liberal insistence that excuses must be made for black nations on the implied ground that they have only just come down from the trees. When the colonels in Ghana or Nigeria throw corrupt and incompetent pols into jail, moderate men of good will start talking with cautious approval of the need to clean the Augean stables and such. When the Greek military do the same, liberals get all hoity-toity about the fascist betrayal of the nation that bequeathed democracy to the world (disregarding the racist slave-state that was Periclean Athens and also the fact that the present lot are mostly Albanians). If recent Greek democracy was so hot, why does Karamanlis, universally agreed to be the best Greek PM since the war, hang out in Paris? Barry Goldwater doesn't live in Buenos Aires. Above all, why did the people not rise to support Constantine's counter-coup? The King failed not for lack of planning but for lack of willing martyrs for the constitutional monarchy. Of course the junta shows the hamfisted censorship typical of military men confronted with the printed word. The detention of some comparatively reputable people was bad, but has now been much alleviated. The junta is going through the respectable motions of working out a constitution and holding a referendum thereon. And there is nothing wrong with their aims of cutting down red tape and corruption in government, though Papadopoulos' specifics seem to be confined to headmasterly pep talks about improving the moral tone. The truth is that the junta is no worse than the regimes—civil or military—of most politically underdeveloped countries. It is a great deal better for Greece and the West than either a Communist regime or a civil war. The wish to see Greece governed by something a little classier is not confined to liberals. But political realities in Greece, as elsewhere, tend to lack that Periclean purity.

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Nothing like a nice solid statistic! The American Conservative Union has released another of its lists of Republican congressmen whose hearts, it seems, are on the other side of the aisle. On fifteen key votes (foreign aid, public television, postal rate/federal pay hikes, Peace Corps appropriation cut, other such), liberal Republicans gave Democrats the margin of victory—two of them, Theodore Kupferman of John Lindsay's old district and Ogden Reid of New York, the full fifteen times. Other leading fence-jumpers: Gilbert Gude and Charles Mathias (Md.), Frank Horton and Seymour Halpern (N.Y.), Brad Morse (Mass.), Florence P. Dwyer (N.J.). John Ashbrook (R., Ohio), a firm party regular and chairman of ACU, laments that "no pressures have been exerted by the Republican leadership" to prevent defections to the Great Society. Gerry Ford, the minority leader, still seems uninterested in the demands by Ashbrook and others for "party unity."

But then party disunity works both ways: that coalition of Southern Democrats and most Republicans that Ford pronounced dead last spring is still very much in business. On 54 of 245 House roll calls, Dixiecrats crossed the line to vote with the GOP and made the difference in 38 tests, seventeen of them—including deep cuts in rent supplements, the war on poverty and foreign aid—considered major Administration defeats.

◆ And by the way: the National Committee for an Effective Congress (NCEC) is worried. The Republicans need to gain only 31 House seats in November to take control, it says, and if the GOP Presidential nominee is "popular" that just may happen. In the Senate, the Committee finds that two-thirds of the good liberal Democrats are up for re-election this year, and that several of them—notably J. W. Fulbright, Wayne Morse, Ed Long (Mo.), Sam Ervin (N.C.) and Joseph Clark (Pa.)—face uphill fights. Other vulnerable Democrats are Birch Bayh (Ind.), Alan Bible (Nev.), Daniel Brewster (Md.), Frank Church (Idaho), Ernest Gruening (Alaska), Carl Hayden (Ariz.), Lister Hill (Ala.), George McGovern (S.D.), Mike Monroney (Okla.), Gaylord Nelson (Wis.) and George Smathers (Fla.). The only Republican over whom NCEC frets is California's very liberal Thomas Kuchel, who faces a strong challenge from within his own party.

◆ Washington is beset by all the ills that afflict large northern cities—especially The Crime Problem (holdup all night every night, three cab drivers murdered in the past seven months, somebody stole the lights from Willard Wirtz's outdoor Christmas tree). And now we have a new District of Columbia crime bill, which Congress cheerfully passed, the President routinely signed, and city officials, more in sorrow, swallowed. The bill has a number of features that, everyone agrees, are good: more vocational training for prisoners, higher witness fees better supervision of juvenile offenders, simplified police procedures.

But there's a fly: Title III, which lets police hold and question any arrested person for up to three hours, before bringing him before a magistrate and filing formal charges. Negro militants feel that this "investigative arrest" rule is automatic police brutality. According to the local ACLU, Title III is sure to be struck down by the Supreme Court. Police officials say they need the rule. The day after the signing, Mayor Walter E. Washington staged a sad little ceremony in which he went out of his way to assure us that there will be "fair and just administration" of the crime bill—thus casting that much more doubt on it. Other city officials were on the platform with him. The City Council president, who had fought Title III, managed to say that he was glad it was law because now it could be tested in the courts. The director of the Human Relations Council couldn't help remarking that some citizens have "strong reservations" about "some parts" of the bill. "Once the bill is passed, it's my duty to administer it," Mayor Washington said gamely. He must have wished there was someplace he could wash his hands.

So Title III is in, at least for now. If the courts overturn it, other cities with similar rules will have to do some fast shuffling. If it stays, and works, still other cities will take a long look and wonder if their angry minorities will let them get away with the same thing. Brighter note: The crime bill also provides for a complete rewriting of the city's criminal code (last revision, 1901; the anti-dueling statute is still on the books)—the first opportunity anywhere in the country for a major city completely to recast its laws in the light of today's criminal practices.

—CATO

The Medium As She Is Massaged

"*Authors Take Sides on Vietnam* . . . will be published in the United States in a few weeks by Simon & Schuster. . . . Two hundred fifty-nine writers were asked: 'Are you for, or against, the intervention of the United States in Vietnam?' . . . Of the 72 writers whose answers could be judged unequivocally for or against, six supported the United States. The novelist John Updike was the only American among the six supporters. The others, all English writers, were Kingsley Amis, Robert Conquest, Rupert Croft-Cooke, Roy Harrod and Auberon Waugh."

(*New York Times*, Sept. 18, 1967.)

From *Authors Take Sides on Vietnam*, published by Simon & Schuster: John Braine (English): "As long as the United States is in Vietnam, Australia

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and New Zealand are safe. And in South Vietnam here is some semblance of freedom, some hope, however faint of a better future."

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. (American): "I am in favor of it [the intervention of the United States in Vietnam]."

James Burnham (American): "I am for the intervention of the United States in Vietnam."

Eric Linklater (Scottish): "Today, in Vietnam, here is a comparable situation [to Korea]. The Communists were the original aggressors. . . . One must ask what would happen if the President of the United States decided to pull out from Vietnam; and the immediate answer is that the refugees from North Vietnam, and the soldiers of South Vietnam, would be left to the mercy of the Northern Communists, and Communism has nowhere been identified with compassion. The secondary answer is that all the adjacent countries of Southeast Asia would then be open to Communist attack and as Communist policy is openly expansionist, they would certainly be attacked when, in Communist eyes, the time was ripe for further aggression. . . . The President of the United States is facing [the moral problem of the war] squarely, and despite the agony of mind to which he has admitted, he has faced it with faith in man's ability to judge right from wrong, and with determination that wrong shall not prosper and enlarge its capacity for wrongdoing."

James A. Michener (American): "Because I have served in the Southeast Asia area for many years, because I have lived in various parts of Vietnam and the surrounding countries, because I participated intimately in the war in Korea and less so in the war that the Philippines conducted against a guerrilla Communist assault, but primarily because I have served in Indonesia, Thailand, Burma, India, Ceylon and Pakistan, I am driven by experience of the past and concern for the future to support my government's stand in Vietnam."

Nicholas Monsarrat (English): "The Americans are in Vietnam to discourage, to contain, and to outwit the advance of Communism. This is something which we should certainly support . . . A glance at the map will show the alternative in the current arena of this contest: a southward march which will inevitably overrun all this area, and eventually submerge Australia and New Zealand."

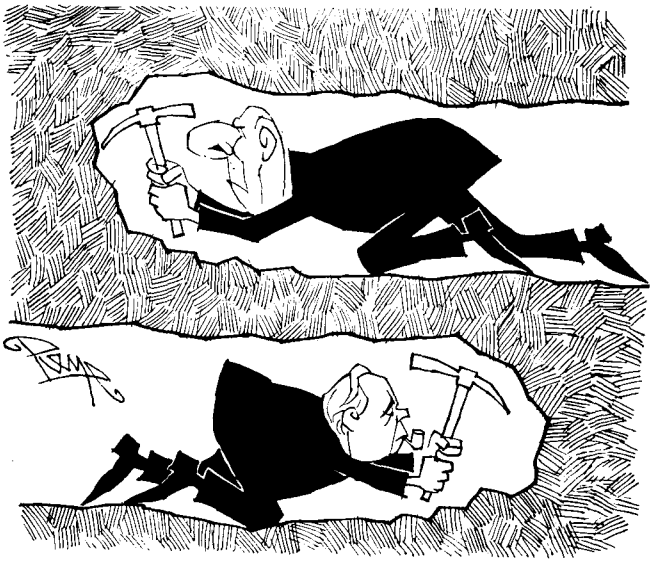
Marianne Moore (American): "Does it *have* to be 'Give me death or liberty'? It is shortsightedly irresponsible, I think, to permit Communist domination and acquiesce in the crushing of the weak by the strong. Can negotiation be imposed by force? Winston Churchill thought appeasement solved nothing."

Roger Peyrefitte (French): "The United States has saved *my* civilization twice: freedom of thinking, of writing, of living. I am on their side everywhere throughout the world in their action for the defense of this civilization."

Kathleen Raine (English): "I follow Churchill in believing that civilization may sink if we cease to be willing to defend it, with life if necessary; and it seems to have fallen to America, at this time, to defend a way of life which at least makes possible civilized values, and human freedom, against the advance of Communism . . . . I think America must hold the frontiers against Communism, and Vietnam is at present the scene of a conflict which might become a great deal worse if America were to withdraw."

Three Polls

A New Year's poll by the *New York Times* concludes that one and only one Republican can beat Lyndon Johnson in November, Nelson Rockefeller. Rockefeller—according to the calculations—would carry 378 electoral votes to 100 for LBJ and 60 for George Wallace, a margin wide enough to suggest, it would seem, that Harold Stassen would be even money against Mr. Johnson. But no, headlines the *Times*, "50-State Check Finds Nixon Close Loser" and the others "routed." The *Times* did not ask which Republican is most acceptable to Republicans, who also stand and vote, so herewith the latest figures from the Candidate Supplement of the *NR* Poll. Richard Nixon continues to increase his following, 79 per cent of those polled now agreeing that he is the man most likely to win the nomination. Ronald Reagan is a distant second at 12 per cent, Rockefeller a more distant third at 7 per cent. The November 14 tabulation had these figures: 68 per cent (Nixon), 14 per cent (Reagan), and 11 per cent (Rockefeller). Reagan is still



Aux Ecoutes, Paris — Ben Roth Agency

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preferred by more readers (46 per cent), but Nixon is only a hairsbreadth behind (at 45 per cent) and closing. Nixon, say 49 per cent, would be the strongest candidate against President Johnson in November. Reagan is picked by 28 per cent, Rockefeller by 17 per cent.

Newsweek, meanwhile, reports that no candidate will come into the convention with enough delegate strength to win on the first ballot. *Newsweek* found a Nixon bloc of 561 votes, a liberal bloc (which it gave to Rockefeller) of 363 votes, and a Reagan bloc of 201 votes. It takes 667 votes to win.

Trading With the State Department

Quite recently, Gomulka got
A 30 million dollar lot
Of freshly milled Midwestern wheat.
The folks at State were *most* discreet,
But, somehow, word about the deal
Leaked out . . . which I shall now reveal.
It seems the Poles, with lots to eat
(That 30 million bucks of wheat)
Could do their bit to help do in
The enemies of Ho Chi Minh.
(That's *us.*) So, they arranged to throw
Some war materièl to Ho
Which totaled, just like Uncle Sam's,
Precisely 30 million clams.
And that's how folks in Illinois
Said Merry Christmas to Hanoi.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

During Christmas week, the Walter Cronkite program gave us a documentary on the Vietcong, filmed by French photographers, with dulcet commentary by Mike Wallace. There were pictures of little children playing, and mothers darning clothes, and grandmothers kneading flour, and of course the soldiers fighting. *Mutatis mutandis,* the same sort of thing the inquiring photographer would find in any wartime situation.

Somehow, something is wrong with it all, is it not? In every situation there are children, and children almost by definition are appealing. Ditto mothers. Ditto grandmothers. And soldiers are brave, professionally so. Nobody ever said that the VC were not brave. Nor was it ever said about Genghis Khan or his followers. And then, too, it is of course the mark of enterprise to show pictures of the enemy at work and at play. Still . . . one wonders. How would Mr. Cronkite and Mr. Wallace have projected, let us say, scenes showing the off-duty lives of the Gestapo? Remember, there is no reason to suppose that the little children of the Nazi officers and men were ur appealing, or that their wives were. Or, for that ma ter, that the Nazis were. Always assuming that the were not photographed killing or torturing unarme civilians. Mr. Cronkite's general affability is a part (his very general charm. But it is likely that in th hypothetical broadcast, he would have said somethin to the effect that we were looking at Nazis, again whom we were at war, because they constituted threat to the survival of civilization. And, by th same token, one would expect that, viewing the V at play, Mr. Cronkite or Mr. Wallace might hav got around to saying that these were very possibl the same people who, the week before Christma descended on the town of Dak To, and cremated th villagers (using flamethrowers, a distinction withou a difference, so far as the victims were concerned) It's the old problem. Some people just can't ge worked up about the VC. And some people can get worked up about the people who can't get worke up about the VC, which is worse.

On the matter of getting worked up, a recent sourc of febrile indignation is Professor Harry Edwards, young Negro sociologist from San Jose College i California who has been in the news recently on ac count of his proposal that Negro athletes boycot the Olympic Games in Mexico. The producer of *NR*' television program "Firing Line" called Professo Edwards and asked whether he would like to mak his point on "Firing Line," and was greeted by sputtering indignation the likes of which the produce had never before encountered in a lifetime of linin up guests. De-babbled, Professor Edwards seeme to be saying that he would not appear in the com pany of an extremist under any circumstance, an come to think of it, if it is right that all Negroe should boycott the Olympic Games, presumably it i right that Professor Edwards should boycott the ed tor of NATIONAL REVIEW. "We have to use whateve means are available to wake up the country," say Mr. Edwards, even while eschewing one of thos means. He is also angry because, he says, the sport scholarships that are granted to promising Negr athletes get in the way of their education. A point s involuted as to be understandable only to those wh believe that it is in the best interest of America Negroes not to demonstrate their athletic prowes at the Olympic Games. Well. Mexico City will surviv the boycott of Mr. Edwards, as will "Firing Line. Perhaps Mr. Cronkite will do a documentary, ex plaining the *weltanschauung* of Professor Edward

The portrait of Nelson Rockefeller in *NR* has bee postponed. Probably it will not be published unti the early spring. But it will be worth waiting for Also coming up in the spring, a portrait of Eugen McCarthy, and of Robert Kennedy, assuming he wil sit still for the portraitist. —W.F.B

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

Which Isolationism is Your Isolationism?

The arguments of the Vietnam doves are much the same as the arguments of classic isolationism. "It is not our quarrel. . . . " "We have no legitimate interest at stake. . . ." "Our forces are over-extended. . . ." "We cannot be global policemen. . . ." "It is not worth the blood and treasure we are pouring in. . . ." "We are antagonizing our true friends. . . ." "This kind of struggle cannot be won. . . . "The sums being squandered on this foreign adventure ought to be spent at home. . . . " And so forth and so on.

Burnham

These familiar formulas, devised long ago in relation to Europe, are being applied intact to Southeast Asia, though today it is a very different crowd, for the most part, that is doing the applying. Mostly it is yesterday's internationalists and collective security buffs—the Lippmanns, Fulbrights, academic liberals and sundry leftists—who are today's isolationists.

More exactly: who today make use of the isolationist formulas, the isolationist rhetoric—and very useful that rhetoric is, too, in a country whose acknowledged Father, in his political Last Testament, so solemnly warned his fellow citizens and their progeny against foreign entanglements? Of course the Lippmanns, Fulbrights, liberals and leftists are not really isolationists; they only want isolationism from this particular war, which is not their dish of tea. A young friend of mine summed it all up the other night after listening to a liberal intellectual give the standard arguments for pulling out of Vietnam. "OK," he interrupted, "we withdraw from Vietnam. Where to? . . . South Africa?" The liberal in isolationist clothing had the decency to remain silent a full half-minute before he set out rather shamefacedly to rebuild his rhetorical structure.

Pretoria By Christmas!

South Africa! A crusade against apartheid and the fascist Afrikaners, To Make The World Safe for Equality! Ah, there's a cause worth intervening for! Sort of takes you back to the crusade against Nazism and the Mikado and the crusade against Franco and still further back to that first of the century's crusades, against those original fascists, the Kaiser and the German General Staff. Praise be, we are already doing a bit of politico-economic intervening in South Africa, so who knows?, we may yet greet the happy day when the guns start shooting.

Portugal, also, naturally. In truth, Frelimo, the terrorist organization operating against Mozambique, is bankrolled by its U.S. admirers, as Holden Roberto has been for his operations against Angola. (Frelimo's leader, Mondlane, dropped in for a fund-collecting visit only last month.)

As for Rhodesia, that's clearly a question of basic human rights that concerns all mankind. You couldn't call it intervention or foreign entanglement when we act against Salisbury; it's simply moral principle. I well remember just at the time of UDI a dinner party that featured two Labor Members of Parliament who told how they were sooner or later going to make Wilson, and if possible Johnson, use the military force in Rhodesia that they believed could alone bring the Rhodesian whites to heel. They and their Labor Left colleagues have not changed their aims and hopes. They can take comfort in the December 28 speech of James Forman, international director of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, which promised to recruit U.S. volunteers to fight in Rhodesia. A spokesman of Zapu, a Rhodesian black nationalist group, thanked him warmly and commented: "There is no government of Rhodesia, just a fascist regime." And you know what has to be done to fascists.

And then Israel. Well, now, the Middle East is not like Southeast Asia. The U.S. has a vital national interest in the Middle East. Israel, unlike South Vietnam, has a *right* to existence, because—well, anyone can see the difference and understand that the U.S. can't sit idle and watch Arab fascists like Nasser destroy a nation that has a right to exist.

And what about Greece? "Any challenge to the fascist regime in Greece [those fascists are just *everywhere*]—by whatever means and with whatever consequences—can only be good news, because no regime can be worse." So begins the lead editorial of the December 15 *New Statesman*, a quintessential advocate of Get-Out-of-Vietnamism.

No Worse There Is None

No regime, mind you, is or even can be worse: not the regime of the unreconstructed Stalinist, Walter Ulbricht, builder of the Berlin Wall; not Mao's regime or Somoza's or Mobutu's or Enver Hoxha's or Karume's or even Duvalier's. It's so positively, absolutely bad that it is proper to overthrow it by *whatever* means and with *whatever* consequences: ah the wonder of the leftist conscience!

True pacifists do not use the isolationists' rhetoric; they are against all wars everywhere on religious, moral or philosophic grounds, not for the pragmatic reasons embodied in the isolationist formulas. And when used by the liberals and leftists, the isolationist rhetoric is hollow, a "derivation," Pareto could call it. The Left is not against foreign entanglements and interventions. For the Left it is merely a question of who is doing what to whom. Israel is a special case, because of the immediate aims of Soviet power politics on the one hand, and on the other, the influence of both Jews and Christian guilt feelings about Jews in the Western Left. But generally speaking the liberals and leftists support intervention—political, economic, military as the case may be—against the Right and denounce intervention against the Left. It is as simple as that.

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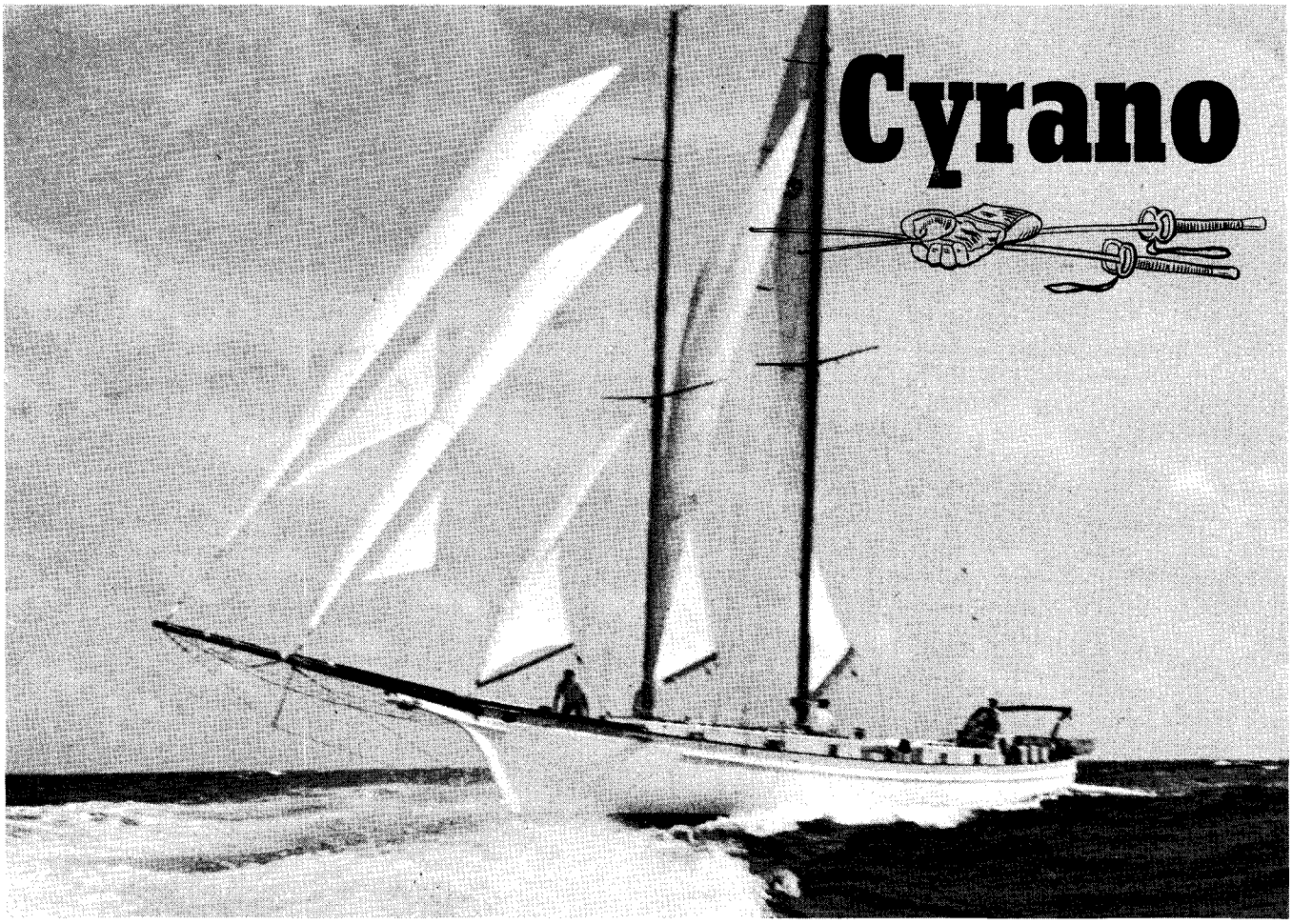

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Study in Unpopularity

NOBODY LOVES THE POOR PREZ

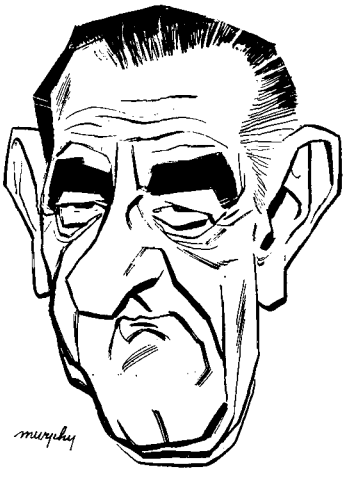
FERDINAND MOUNT

When Lyndon scratches his ear,
he's telling the truth,
when he raises his eyebrow
he's telling the truth,
when he moves his lips,
he's lying . . . So they say

During a recent coast-to-coast odyssey, I idly ventured the proposition that Lyndon Johnson is the most unpopular President of modern times. Whether on radio and television, on campus or the golf course, round the cocktail cabinet or in the coffee shop, never a voice was raised in dissent. Not merely did nobody reveal any personal enthusiasm for the President, nobody followed the usual practice of denouncing his admirers as Communists, fascists, homosexuals etc. With Johnson there are apparently no admirers to belabor. Mr. Jack Valenti's slumber-sweeter club seems to have as few members as the flat-earthers. This is extraordinary, for normally there is no public figure so fatuous or so wicked that some people will not say that he's not such a fool as he looks or that he is kind to beagles. But Mr. Johnson has effected a transition from consensus to nonsensus in a bare two years which is remarkable even granted the traditional fickleness of the citizenry.

What Is Truth?

To understand this strange phenomenon, let us first descend into Credibility Gulch. At a recent meeting of the President with his war cabinet, Mr. McNamara, in the normal way, produced the latest statistics out of Saigon—casualty figures, aircraft downed on both sides, hamlets pacified. The numbers were particularly cheering. The President proposed that he use some of them in his next speech. McNamara said that while the numbers were of course as always carefully compiled and scrupulously checked, they might perhaps prove a little misleading. The President said that he sure as hell wanted some numbers to give the people, so would the Defense Secretary mind getting his skates on and producing some cheerful unmisleading figures. So back in the Pentagon, two three-man teams of whizkids set to work. There was a Red team to attack the veracity of the numbers and a Blue team to defend the numbers. Out of the ensuing statistical fracas came the President's figure to the nation. And no doubt the Pentagon team with most downs was awarded keys to the assistant secretaries' washroom.



Compare with this the reaction of Christopher Tietjens, the hero of Ford Madox Ford's tetralogy *Parade's End*. Tietjens is a brilliant statistician for the British government just before World War One. His chief asks him to produce figures on a basis which Tietjens does not accept. When he later sees his Minister in a golf club, Tietjens bursts out: "The swine. . . . the unspeakable swine!" Wars have got a lot more complicated since then, and the truth has lost its inspiring simplicity. The people, no less than the Pentagon, are confused about the nature of the urban riots, for example, as well as about what is really happening in Vietnam.

But the President does not help his cause by the hefty dose of old-fashioned fibbing that he throws into the cauldron. The appointment of a new ambassador to Japan or of a new White House aide, the building of a fence along the DMZ, the bombing of new targets in North Vietnam—all have been strenuously denied by official or unofficial White House sources. All have come to pass. Such terminological inexactitudes—let us keep the temperature down—fall as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa and form a mulch of distrust, whose aroma wafts far beyond the in-world of Washington. When Lyndon scratches his ear, he's telling the truth, when he raises his eyebrow he's telling the truth, when he moves his lips, he's lying, goes the current saw.

All governments have lied thus since the dawn of doubletalk. Richard Rovere says that while it is possible, even likely, that the Johnson Administration resorts to deception more frequently than any of its American predecessors, "the chances are that the present Administration would come in first by no more than a nose, or by a length or two at most." To this observer of British politics — which prides itself on gentility—Johnsonian fibs hardly compare with the splendor of Sir Stafford Cripps' categorical denial that he would devalue the pound sterling two weeks before he devalued it by 30 per cent, or with Selwyn Lloyd's reiterated denials of Anglo-French collaboration before Suez, or with that immortal series of disclaimers by Mr. Profumo.

Yet there remains one serious deception of the public for which the President is directly responsible, and which, as so often, has rebounded. Johnson has frequently revealed in private his belief that "we are going to be there [Southeast Asia] a very long time"—that this is a ten- or fifteen-year job. His advisers echo that judgment. Yet public statements about the progress of the war have rarely reflected such caution and foresight. Until recently most of these public statements have been made by Rusk and McNamara, the President not trusting the prestige of his office to two-bit prophecy. Samples: "By every quantitative measure we are winning the war" (McNamara, Febru-

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ary 1962). "The Vietnamese are on their way to success" (Rusk, April 1963). "We are confident these plans point the way to victory" (McNamara, March 1964). "The other side is hurting and they are hurting very badly" (Rusk, July 1967). Occasionally the President will say "the struggle will be long and arduous," but this rhetoric is swamped by more specific optimism. Such a refusal to tell the patient the gravity of the disease and the length of time needed for cure cheers the patient only in the short term. Eventually he begins to wonder why he isn't getting better—why must we send more American troops, why don't or can't the bombers finish the job?—and this frustration induces disappointed rage with the doctor. The doctor himself also begins to swallow his own bromides. He believes that South Vietnam can be saved without American troops (up till 1965), or with 200,000 (McNamara, March 1966) or with 500,000 (at present). Ignorant liberals see the process as a senseless drift towards nuclear war.

The secondary tactic of bombing of the North, somewhat ineffective even in its subsidiary role, has confirmed them in this simplistic "escalation" theory. The jargon-word itself has added to their delusion. The truth is that the military struggle can be won only by an enormous *but not infinite* number of American troops on the ground in the South. This truth was known to all serious observers three years ago. Had 500,000 troops been sent then, the war might have been shortened by a couple of years. Johnson did not send the troops, partly for understandable political reasons (the 1966 elections) but partly because he was the victim of his own bromides. By implanting in the American people the idea that this was an easier war to win than in fact it is, he has intensified the collective frustration inevitable in a war which has already lasted longer than the American involvement in World War Two.

Yet some Presidents could turn even these frustrations to good account by retailing their moral and physical struggles—that tally of sleepless nights, of tears shed for the fallen, of eighteen-hour working days. A favorite weapon of British Prime Ministers during crises is to say on TV: "So I telephoned Washington at one A.M. last night and I said: 'Mr. President . . .!'" in the hope that the simple peasantry will not know about the time difference and will be impressed both by the PM's unwearying devotion to peace and the President's readiness to listen to his esteemed colleague at that hour. Lyndon Johnson spares us none of this schmaltz. But even his self-proclaimed sortie with Luci to a church in search of spiritual refreshment fails to stir the imagination. Nobody really cares where he goes . . . In his colloquies with his beagles, our first thoughts are for the welfare of the dogs.

Truth Is Beauty

How can we explain this staggering indifference to a President elected three years ago by an equally staggering majority? I append rather overripe fruits of a random sampling of American public opinion:

"Oh, I think Johnson's just horrible!" —Radcliffe co-ed.

"He's really psychopathic about this war." —Chicago medical student.

"This is basically a racist society, so we have a racist President."
—Brooklyn schoolteacher.

"He's just a Texas hick. And the White House is hicksville."
—Washington, D.C. housewife.

"SYPHILIS ISN'T A CRIME—IT'S A DISEASE—Just like LBJ."
—New York health poster plus graffito.

"Johnson has failed to give the country the right kind of leadership."
—San Francisco insurance man.

These criticisms obviously reflect the various prejudices of the critics, but they share a strongly emotional estheticism. That is, on the whole, people do not say "he ought to be tough with those labor unions" or "why doesn't he do something about rising prices" or "he ought to bomb Peking." They simply say they don't like him.

Johnson himself is well aware, in his thin-skinned way, of this antipathy. In Jim Bishop's *A Day in the Life of President Johnson*, we are told how the President in his flirtation with three-year-old Courtenay Valenti (daughter of Slumbersweeter Jack) says with mock or genuine self-pity, "Nobody loves the poor Prez." Adult visitors to the White House are frequently asked why nobody likes him. One plucky aide is reported to have replied, "Because you just aren't a likable person, Mr. President." This takes us no further than the celebrated rhyme about Dr. Fell, the seventeenth-century Dean of Christ Church, Oxford:

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

Commentators usually explain the Dr. Fell syndrome in terms of style. They contrast Johnson's Texas twang with Kennedy's "patrician" Bostonian, though to a supercilious British ear both sound awful, and to the vast majority of Americans probably equally strange. Then it is said that under Johnson Presidential prose has sunk to a new low. Untrue. Many of Johnson's speeches are decently written (speech to Congress, March 15, 1965, speech in San Antonio, Texas, Sept. 29, 1967) and certainly compare favorably with Kennedy's inflated ask-not-what-your-country stuff. Johnson makes sense at his press conferences, his grammar being a great improvement on Eisenhower's. Johnson's preference for Fred Waring over Pablo Casals is very sympathetic. To stage a selection from American musicals with the audience joining in is more truly representative of American culture than to make frozen-faced aides sit on little gilt chairs and listen to Mozart, which is done better in Salzburg. Harry Truman certainly got away with the display of such unaffected tastes.

Let us be frank. "Style" is a sissy circumlocution for what Johnson has not got. The all too plain fact is that LBJ is ugly, certainly the ugliest President since Hoover, perhaps the ugliest of the century. Dick Van Dyke is playing JFK in a new movie. For LBJ you would need a combination of Karl Malden and Boris Karloff. That sinister armadillo smile is worlds away from Ike's epidemically contagious grin. Johnson's brow achieves height without nobility, like the Prudential Building in Chicago. And his beady eyes seem to be scurrying to hide behind his squashed vulture's nose. When Johnson was having his portrait painted last year, he complained that one of his ears had been drawn too large. The artist said huffily—as artists will—that he was only mirroring reality. The Freud/

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Bullitt study of Woodrow Wilson records an exactly similar story about a Wilson portrait. Freud/Bullitt of course used the anecdote to prove that Wilson was crazy. Johnson critics have used the story to argue LBJ's megalomaniac vanity. The critics are wrong and the Presidents right. Physical attractiveness has always played a great role in democratic choice, never more so than today. The story of the Kennedy-Nixon TV debates is now a communications cliché. But perhaps the puritan heritage has hampered a full flowering of the thesis. We discuss the glamor of the Kennedy family, the asset of a pretty wife. We are not yet emancipated enough to discuss the sexual attraction of the candidate himself as more than a side issue. For we like to think that such things as strength of character, intelligence, knowledge of the issues, play a greater part in the voter's mind than in fact they do. The voters like to think so too. But it is hard to think of any striking personal triumph in recent elections against or in advance of the national trend which has not owed much to good looks (Reagan, Percy, Lindsay, Robert Kennedy et al.). Lyndon Johnson himself is the exception whose special circumstances prove the rule.

It should be noted that 1964 was also a big exception to the pattern of Johnson's own career which has been built on deals within wheels, on the delivery of bloc votes and allegedly on rigged ballots. For all the pressing of the flesh and the talk of "the folks you was raised with," the folks never flooded him with their affection, witness his 87-vote squeak in to the Senate in 1948 and the attendant sobriquet of Landslide Lyndon. He has in fact never been a great votegetter, still less beloved by the populace. The fact is that the assassination of Kennedy momentarily gave Johnson a stature which, if not heroic, was something that many people could look up to—like Nestor counseling the Greeks after the death of Achilles. Now that great drama has faded. We return to normal service and the screen shows an unlovely President meshed in an unlovely messy war where there is no simple purpose like the destruction of Nazism, no great event like D-Day or Iwo Jima. At home, the romantic pageant of the civil rights movement has degenerated into senseless burning, looting and rioting. The once acquiescent Great Society Congress is fractious and bitter. No wonder there is a nonsensus.

Beauty Is Only Skin-Deep

Yet this nonsensus is an odd beast. For there is wide agreement that Johnson will be re-elected, provided that the war gets no worse and that next summer's riots are no more horrifying than last summer's. This is the view of the White House, of many Republicans and most of the nation. The great majority of Americans, the *New York Times* has now discovered, are neither poor, nor Negro, nor in Vietnam. They will vote as is reasonable and customary in accordance with the state of their own interests, which are pretty healthy. As for the provisos, the White House believes that the war will stay at about the same level, though its previous prophecy record hardly inspires confidence; while all guesses on next year's riots are about as valuable as the analyses of this year's. There *is* a severe slump in the number of those approving Johnson's conduct of the war. But few self-respecting lay strategists would deign to approve the conduct of a war that has already dragged on for four years with no sign of victory. The important poll question is: would you vote for LBJ? And half the nation or so will. "Fifty-one per cent is enough," says a White House aide. The war appears to have much less impact on people's total preference than its international importance leads us to suppose.

This latter premise has two consequences. First, it weakens those Republican arguments which draw hopeful parallels from the Korea-Eisenhower situation. Eisenhower could probably have beaten any other known candidate, war or no war. The mysterious feeling that he imparted of being able to clear up the war without advancing any very specific plans was simply part of his excellence as a candidate. The point was Ike, not Korea. Dissatisfaction with the Vietnam war is not by itself enough to bring victory for an ordinarily good Republican. And there is no Republican possibility who is more than ordinarily good.

The premise that Vietnam has only a secondary impact on voter preference also brings the central debate back to the bread-and-butter front, which is where Lyndon Johnson has been soldiering all his life from the day when as a freshman congressman he cajoled millions out of FDR for the Lower Colorado Authority. Spending public money is Johnson's forte not only by training but by temperament. He basically believes that

For forms of government let fools contest.

What e'er is best administered is best.

No man could be better fitted for driving the bureaucratic juggernaut which he himself has done so much to create. Truman used to complain that half his time was taken up with chivvying officials to do what they should be doing without having to be told. The new agencies set up to bypass the entrenched bureaucracies quickly develop institutional lethargy. The Shrivers soon find themselves shriven of their illusions. From the Bureau of the Budget downwards, never can Washington have been so concerned with the appearance of efficiency, so little heedful of long-term ends. The techno-jargon works its bluff. European politicians and civil servants now flock to Washington to learn how the Federal Government does it. To a lay observer it may seem that it is the abundance of the American economy which does it and that the much bruited savings on defense procurement and civil government contracts only reduce federal extravagance from the unbelievable to the merely gross level.

All the same, the brisk, able but unremarkable new bureaucrats believe that they are pumping as much efficiency as taxpayers' money into the system. They speak with pride of their determination not to let state and local governments spend federal money as they please. One of the main developments of the Johnson regime is the denial of federal funds to states which, for example, refuse to cooperate in the food stamps program or the setting up of joint education and welfare authorities for metropolitan areas. The White House admits that the bureaucracy is exhausted with the spate of new agencies and new money that Johnson wrung out of Congress during the honeymoon period. Now the line is consolidation—

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a useful answer to Republican criticisms of waste. Note the use of the past tense in a recent LBJ statement (the occasion was typical—the signing of the Vocational Rehabilitation Act accompanied by the distribution of the usual ball-pointed manna):

"History, I am convinced, will remember these years as a great awakening in America. In these years, we discovered poverty in the midst of plenty—and we did something about it. Not as much as we'd like, but we did all we could get a majority to do. I hope that if historians seek a name for this age in the United States, I hope that they'll call it the Age of Education." Followed the usual stream of statistics—federal spending on health and education tripled, 12 per cent more young people from poor homes getting to college, high-school drop-outs down from 25 per cent to 18 per cent. The Democratic appeal in 1968 will be that You Never Had It So Progressive. Medicare and Medicaid, Thurgood Marshall and Mayor Washington, Head Start and Rat Control, Model Cities and the Redwoods—there is something for everyone. And conservative objections will make less impact than in the New Deal era, partly because the climate is more favorable to mild socialism these days but more because of the bounding abundance of the last six years. The boom in enforced charity has proved relatively painless for all but a few. The White House believes that those few whose inelastic incomes have not kept pace with inflation will be far outnumbered both by beneficiaries of the new social services and by the affluent masses.

Lyndon Johnson's initiatives in foreign affairs have been few. His conduct of the war in Vietnam has been unimaginative if dogged. His management of the economy has been successful rather through acts of omission than of commission. But in the social sphere he seized the opportunity presented by the docile post-assassination Congress and rammed everything possible down their throats and kept on ramming until their gorges rose. In terms of liberal theory, this maneuver was executed with speed, skill and perseverance. The President believes that his achievement here is irreversible, and in practical terms he is probably right.

What Johnson critics say of this moody, restless, ugly man is no doubt true. He doesn't read books, he doesn't think long, he has few public graces. People mourn these deficiencies, for in a complex, dehumanizing world it would be nice to be led by a man of charm and distinction. However, the skills which are needed to deal with that world are rarely allied with charm and distinction. Some of those skills Lyndon Johnson undoubtedly possesses, which is why many Americans will settle for him next year as "the best President we've got"—to paraphrase Lord Butler's wry judgment on British Prime Minister Eden. It may be a good thing—a sign of calm maturity—that the American people now take the President for what he is, and hence regard him with indifference or distaste. But though they have ceased to love Lyndon Johnson, enough will, it seems to me go on voting for him until something better turns up.

Reflections and Projections:

Barry Goldwater Speaks Out

Q: Do you feel that President Johnson is in any way following the "Goldwater position" in Vietnam?

A: I wouldn't call it the Goldwater position, but it is the position I advocated in my campaign, and he is following it almost to the letter. The only thing he's not doing, which we advocated then and still advocate, is destroying the piles of supplies lining the port of Haiphong. I don't think we should necessarily destroy the port; mind you, that was done several times

in World War II. And I don't believe a blockade is necessary right now. But when I was over there last year I was shown reconnaissance photos of the supplies and was told at that time that these supplies would prove to be a very decisive factor against us, as now they are. These are the rockets that are being used against Da Nang and other bases. They have been stored dockside at the port of Haiphong. I would destroy those supplies, just by strategic and tactical attacks.

Q: Critics have said that the high priority you gave in your campaign to the issue of crime in the streets was merely a shorthand appeal to racist impulses. Do you agree? How would you have combatted crime as President?

A: I disagree completely. Even before I started campaigning, I told the President that I was going to make this an issue and I wanted to assure him that at no time would I in any way connect civil rights with crime in the streets. I can't see where civil rights has anything to do with the riots we've had in this country. It's actually been Negro against Negro. The people who've suffered are the Negroes. I'm not solely concerned now, nor was I then, about crime in the ghettoes or slums. I'm talking about the general increase in crime.

I have been critical of the President for not going to Detroit, not going to Newark. He didn't have to get down where they could shoot at him, but go into those cities and say "let's talk about this, see what the trouble really is." Because I don't think we really know what the trouble is. The trouble that starts rioting is just lawless-

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ness—the Stokely Carmichaels and Rap Browns. What I said in my campaign is true today: we have to enforce the law. We see Rap Brown inciting a riot one night or threatening to shoot Lady Bird. Then he's arrested and he can't be held. He's turned loose and arrested under another charge. Are there adequate laws?

Q: Do you think that your criticism, during your campaign, of the inequitable military draft led the Administration to change its own position?
A: Right after I called for abolition of the draft, the President appointed a committee to study it. But we still have largely the same old draft law. I don't think the President had any great concern about the draft, then or now. I'm glad to see that my suggestion has created a real interest among nonpolitical groups in this country—even, believe it or not, the Ripon Society, which has no use for me. You can't overhaul the draft very much. I think it should be abolished and replaced by a professional military system. At least we should try.

Q: You said you feared collectivization of the U.S. if LBJ were elected. Do you still fear that?
A: Yes, I do. I have a feeling that he fears it, too. I have a feeling that he didn't realize the amount of power that resides in that office today, and that unless it's treated with a great deal of care and caution it can do irreparable damage to our democratic processes. We're hearing more about a new federal partnership. In fact I'm working on a thought which I've discussed with a great many Republicans around the country and it's creating much interest. I haven't made anything public on it yet. It's merely a way to get the states to do more in the areas where the Federal Government is functioning, so that some day we can return to the states the functions of the welfare state, of preserving our forest lands, our national parks and monuments. When the states demonstrate that they can maintain these things as well as the Federal Government, then the Federal Government can return to the states the money it takes to run those operations.

Businessmen who laughed at me in 1964 are now becoming aware of the power of the Federal Government. Ordinary citizens faced with a multiplicity of forms to fill out are realizing that what I said was true. People who were great advocates of elementary aid to education are all beginning to realize what I was warning against. The Republican Party—not just Goldwater—has been warning against this since the day of Roosevelt, and I hope that it will continue to do so.

We're beginning to see in this country the emergence of some true liberals. For example, I've been on a platform and traveled with Max Lerner. He is to me a true liberal in that he and I share many common beliefs. Richard Goodwin and I find ourselves in agreement on points where Goodwin would be out of tune with a liberal like Morse or Humphrey or any of those whom I have so long said were not liberals but radicals. I think there's a place in American politics for liberals, just as there's a place for conservatives. But there's no place for a phony liberal, or a phony conservative.

Q: What will be any Republican Presidential candidate's chance in November?
A: I've said repeatedly that if the election were held tomorrow I don't think the Republican would win. But there is a growing reaction against Johnson. Of course the President's popularity can go up and down like a daily thermometer. He's done some things the American people can see through and resent. This continuing credibility gap is reaching the point where the American people almost don't trust Johnson, don't trust what he says. And while I think we're doing better in Vietnam, if this isn't clear to the American people in 1968, or if we're plagued with strikes, plagued with more riots, or if we encounter any economic setback, which I don't think we will, then I think Johnson can be beaten.

Now what kind of candidate can beat him? You've got to remember that I got 27 million votes. And without the nuclear and social security issues, both phonies, I probably would have gotten 35 or 36 million votes. A non-liberal Republican can start with that base. Whether he can get enough extra votes to beat Johnson, no one knows. The man I'm supporting now is Nixon. However, if Nixon backs out and Reagan says he wants to run, I'll back Reagan. He tells me he doesn't want to run. But I'll know more about that soon. The combination of Nixon and Reagan would be a very attractive team. But right now Nixon seems to be the man.

Q: How about Rockefeller?
A: I can't see how any Republican could support Governor Rockefeller for the Presidency. There's such a thing as loyalty. Jim Farley [Postmaster General under FDR] said to me one day during an airplane trip together that if a prominent Democrat had done what Rockefeller did, he wouldn't even be recognized as a Democrat today. Rockefeller dumped Nixon and me, so I just frankly can't see how any Republican can support him.

Q: Do you feel the same way about George Romney?
A: No. I talked to George Romney about this and told George frankly, "Your big problem is not Goldwater, because I'll vote for you, I'll support you, and I'll guarantee you that Arizona will vote for you—will vote for any Republican with the exception of Rockefeller, and I don't think he can be nominated. Your problem is the percentage of the 27 million who resent your not having supported me."

Q: What is your biggest regret about running for the Presidency?
A: I have no regrets. I think any Republican would have lost. Defeating Johnson in 1964 just wasn't in the cards. But I think my defeat might in the long run have helped the Republican Party. While our losses in the Congress in 1964 were not as great as some we've suffered in the past, it wasn't the catastrophe it was made out to be, because it jolted the Republican Party. We've come back. We have 25 governors, we picked up 46 seats in the House, we picked up a Senate seat. I think in 1968 this is going to continue. We're going to have a tremendous sweep into the House and a goodly number in the Senate. We'll pick up more governors. We'll strengthen our position in parts of the country where we've just begun to exert strength.

[From an interview in the *Arizona Republic*]

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PRIZE DAY IN ROME

Mr. Dos Passos discusses fiction, the novelist and his own work upon receiving the coveted Feltrinelli award from Galileo's Academy of Lynxes

WHAT MAKES A NOVELIST

JOHN DOS PASSOS

It is a humbling experience for an inhabitant of the new world beyond the western ocean to stand up, today, in this Corsini Palace amid all the incrustations of history and to confront the shades of the mighty dead. Galileo Galilei, what would he think? How about Benedetto Croce? That fastidious spirit might not approve at all. All I can say is that I am profoundly grateful, and particularly that I am grateful to the "Academy of the Sharp Eyes" for picking out the technique of narrative for special mention. Since I have spent my life wrestling with the problem of how to tell a story it is gratifying to receive this commendation as I near the end of it.

Though the series of novels which I now call Contemporary Chronicles began to take final form in the Thirties, the experiences that sparked them off date back to the years of the European war of 1914-18. Even the most topical chronicler is always years behind the times. Like many others of my generation I got most of my education from the first war.

Some of the seeds sown in the course of this education have taken a lifetime to germinate. Those were years of colossal hopes and colossal disappointments. Civilization was torn and battered by every nightmare scourge out of the vision of John on Patmos, but at the same time the creative instincts showed a gift for survival. Invention and discovery in science, and to some extent in the arts; and to much greater in technology, continued unabated. Some minds met the challenge of disaster by an outburst of invention and experiment.

Driving an ambulance in the rear of combat is a job that tends to impress you more with the wreckage than with the glory of warfare. Being an American I was a naturalborn civilian. My first really finished novel, *Three Soldiers,* was an attempt to express the resentments and frustrations of the naturalborn civilian drafted into an army. Even then I was beginning to depart a little from the novel depending on a single hero which I had been brought up with. In my youth I had been an avid reader of Fielding and Smollett in English and Flaubert and Zola in French. I was already trying to do something different. In *Three Soldiers* I tried to build my story out of the contrasts between the attitudes and development of three very different men.

The Novel: How Moribund?

Those war years in Europe were an instructive period for me as they were for many other Americans of my generation. War leaves you with a surprising amount of spare time. Days and days go by when your outfit is stalled some place waiting for orders. The volunteer ambulance service was after all a pretty comfortable way of getting a look at the massacres without really taking part in them. Even when we were in the front lines we usually had 24 hours on duty and 24 hours off.

I spent most of my spare time reading. I had known French from childhood and had steeped myself in Flaubert in college—particularly in his letters and in *Education Sentimentale.* I was pretty well versed in Stendhal. I carried volumes of Verhaeron and Rimbaud in my musette bag. I had recently learned enough Spanish to read Cervantes and Jorge Manrique and Pio Baroja, whose up-to-date version of the seventeenth-century picaresque delighted me.

Out of French and Spanish I managed to fudge a certain superficial acquaintance with Italian and even Provençal. I was very much enlivened by the works of the Italian writers then known as futurists, which I bought in a bookshop in the Galleria in Milan on my way to the Piave and the Brenta. All that was mixed up with Villon and Rabelais who were my private literary idols.

In college certain professors had assured me that the novel as a literary form was on its last legs. I refused to believe that the novel was dying. When I wasn't reading I was filling small notebooks with various trials and experiments in my own American form of the English tongue.

A combination of copious reading with vigorous action spiced with a little danger is enlivening to anybody young or old. For a young man in his early twenties it amounted to a complete refurbishing of the mental faculties. Added to that was the linguistic stimulation of being immersed in the ways of speaking of common soldiers from all sorts of different countries. This was before radio and television had reduced everybody's talk to a common denominator.

Part of my service was at the Italian front. We arrived soon after Caporetto. Aside from the excitement of the architecture—glimpses of Palladian buildings driving a Fiat ambulance through Vicenza—a breathtaking sight of Venice across a lagoon

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sheathed with a thin scrim of ice one winter day—there was the painting. I mention it because I am sure that the great narrative painting of the thirteen and fourteen hundreds profoundly influenced my ideas of how to tell a story in words.

Padua between airraids: when we looked, peeping through the sandbags, at Giotto's frescoes in the Arena Chapel the intensity of their homely narrative was immensely heightened by the feeling that perhaps we were the last men who would ever look on these masterpieces; and the feeling too that perhaps, perhaps, Giotto's gospel tales might be the last thing we would experience on this earth.

We Weren't Dead

There was, among many of the young people of my generation, a readiness to attempt great things. Giotto and Dante and Orcagna and Piero della Francesca—to mention only a few of the influences we were sopping up like sponges between bouts of driving the poor wounded back from the trenches on Monte Grappa —these men had made eternal their view of the world they lived in. It was up to us to try to describe in colors that would not fade, our America that we loved and hated.

The road had been opened for us. In the United States Crane and Dreiser had already transferred Zola's naturalism to the American scene. James Joyce was knocking established ideas on the novel into a cocked hat with his *Ulysses*. The influence of *Ulysses*, out of snippets printed in the little magazines, was already rampant long before the publication of the book. Artistic styles, like epidemics and popular songs, are borne in the air. They cross the wildest oceans, the most tightly barred frontiers.

From Europe, mostly through the painters of the School of Paris, the artistic ferment of the period between the Paris Exposition of 1900 and the outbreak of war in 1914 was spreading across the world.

After the armistice, during the winter of 1918-19 while still in the Army —the U.S. Army had taken over the old volunteer services the year before —I managed to get myself into what was known as the Sorbonne Detachment. Service men who had either started or finished college were allowed to attend European universities while waiting for their turn to be shipped home. I had become obsessed with the need to write a novel about soldiers. While I went through the motions of attending lectures at the Sorbonne I wrote and wrote in a little room on the Ile St. Louis.

Paris in those years really was the capital of Europe. So-called modern painting—how stale that word modern has become!—really was fresh from the palette in those days: les Fauves, the Cubists, Modigliani, Juan Gris, Picasso. This too, was the Paris of new schools of music. Satie presided over Les Six. There were Poulenc, and Milhaud. Stravinsky was beginning to be heard. The Diaghilev ballet was promoting a synthesis of all the arts.

Paris in 1919. It's hard to reimagine the feelings of savage joy and bitter hatred we felt during that spring. Most of my friends were still in uniform. I was an enlisted man. Never got confirmed even in the rank of sergeant. A doughboy with the rest of them. We still had to salute officers, to sneak into out-of-the-way bistros to talk to our friends who happened to be wearing gold or silver bars. But with the armistice each one of us had been handed his life back on a platter. We knew what dead men looked like and we weren't dead.

The horsechestnuts were in bloom. We knew the world was a lousy pesthouse of idiocy and corruption, but it was spring. The Peace Conference was going on. We knew that in all the ornate buildings, under the crystal chandeliers, under the brocade hangings, the politicians and diplomats were brewing poison, huddled old men festering like tentcaterpillars in a tangle of red tape and gold braid. What they were doing was too obvious and too clear. The people of the world would wake up. It was spring. The first of May was coming. We'd burn out the tentcaterpillars.

We believed we knew two things about the world. We subscribed to two dogmas which most of us have since had to modify or scrap. We were convinced that life in the militarized industrialized nations had become a chamber of horrors and we believed that plain men, the underdogs we rubbed shoulders with, were not such a bad lot as they might be. They wouldn't go out of their way to harm each other as often as you might expect. They had a passive courage and certain ingrained impulses towards social cohesiveness, towards the common good. Loafing about in little old bars full of the teasing fragrances of history, dodging into alleys to keep out of sight of the military police, seeing the dawn from Montmartre, talking bad French with taxidrivers, riverbank loafers, workingmen, poilus on leave, petite femmes, we young hopefuls eagerly collected intimations of the urge towards the common good.

Nor Was the Novel

It seemed so simple to burn out the caterpillars who were running the orchard. The first of May was coming.

We felt boisterous and illmannered. Too many sergeants had told us to wipe that smile off your face. Too many buglers had gotten us up out of our blankets before we had slept our sleep out. It seemed to us that the only thing of value that survived the war was this automatic social cohesiveness among men that came on whenever they slipped for a moment out from under the spell of the demagogues.

The storied skyscrapers of civilization were tottering. If the old edifice crashed the bosses who lived in the upper stories would go down with it. They had already pretty well shaken the foundations with their pretty war, their brilliant famines. Their diligent allies, typhus, cholera, influenza were working for them still. Now their peace would finish the job.

"All together boys. A couple of heaves and down she'll go. When the dust clears we'll see whether men and women are the besotted brutes the bosses say they are."

This was all fifty years ago.

Now we know that the first of May will never come. Where the workers conquered they allowed themselves to be overwhelmed by regimes even more oppressive than the old regimes they had overthrown. But in these resentful hopes, in these crushing disappointments, these callow enthusiasms lay the roots of satire. By the time I had finished *Three Soldiers*, the book I was working on in Paris, I was beginning to dream of novels that would throw into sharp satiric focus the grandeurs and miseries, the crime and the heroism of the world I knew. I knew damn well the novel was not dead.

I'm speaking as if I'd been one of those exiles who spent their lives brooding over café tables. Actually the longest time I ever spent in that

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Paris was three months. But it happened to be in one of history's climaxes from which every bystander emerges changed and invigorated. I came away feeling that in the arts at least anything was possible.

After obtaining my discharge from the Army I found work in Spain as a foreign correspondent. Painting and architecture and walking through the countryside had already become as enthralling to me as politics. At that time most of my reading was back in the Middle Ages: The Poem of the Cid and the Archpriest of Hita; perhaps I was trying to escape from that foreknowledge of the consequences of the Peace of Versailles we had all suffered from in Paris and from the dimming of our hopes in the revolutionary movement of the working class which for a while—to us impatient young men—had seemed destined to create a new world.

After finishing *Three Soldiers* I managed a certain amount of travel in the Caucasus and Persia and what was then known as the Mespot. I came away obsessed by the hideous miseries the common people suffer from the great readjustments of history. More than ever I felt a sense of kinship with individual men and women who although ground under the wheels manage to retain a certain alertness, a certain aloofness, a certain dignity. Even more than before I hated the demagogues and the politicians.

My head stuffed with everything I could absorb in Europe and the Near East I came back to America. New York was the first thing that struck me. It was marvelous. It was hideous. It had to be described. The lives of the men I had known so intimately in the Army, of their women friends and mine, had to be related to the bloody panorama of history. The style of writing had to be made up as I went along. It was all an experiment. As I worked I used occasionally to reassure myself with the thought that at least some of the characters and scenes and feelings I was putting down might prove useful for the record.

Some of the poets who went along with the cubism of the painters of the School of Paris had talked about simultaneity. There was something about Rimbaud's poetry that tended to stand up off the page. Direct snapshots of life. Rapportage was a great slogan. The artist must record the fleeting world the way the motion picture film recorded it. By contrast, juxtaposition, montage, he could build drama into his narrative. Somewhere along the way I had been impressed by Eisenstein's motion pictures, by his version of old D. W. Griffith's technique. Montage was his key word.

U.S.A. Ad Infinitum

I had already been affected, I must add in retrospect, by the sort of novel that Thackeray originated in English with *Vanity Fair* and Stendhal in French with *La Chartreuse de Parme*. You might call these chronicle novels. *War and Peace* is another example.

In this sort of novel the story is the skeleton on which some slice of history is brought back to life. Personal adventures illustrate the development of a society. Historical forces take the place of the Olympians of ancient Greek theater.

I started a rapportage on New York. Some of the characters out of abandoned youthful narratives got into the book, but there was more to the life of a great city than you could cram into any one hero's career. The narrative must stand up off the page. Fragmentation. Contrast. Montage. The result was *Manhattan Transfer*.

By this time I was thoroughly embarked on an effort to keep up a contemporary commentary on history's changes, always as seen by some individual's eyes, heard by some individual's ears, felt through some individual's nerves and tissues. These were the *U.S.A.* books. The narrative must carry a very large load. Everything must go in. Songs and slogans, political aspirations and prejudices, ideals, hopes, delusions, frauds, crackpot notions out of the daily newspapers.

The *U.S.A.* narratives were never supposed to end. They were followed by other chronicles from other points of view. Intermittently, and always trying to look out from the vantage point of today, to let the matter mould the style, I've kept these narratives rolling in various forms, through the years.

Growing old is partly a process of outgrowing illusions. A man discovers that he can't explain to himself just how he acquired some of his cherished and passionately held convictions. Some of them seem to have appeared, quite fortuitously, by imprint. Everybody knows the story of the greylag goose that followed Conrad Lorenz around, because the bearded naturalist was the first thing it saw when it hatched out of the egg. Naturalists now call that process imprint. Young men, particularly, pick up dogmas as irrationally and mistakenly as that gosling picked its mother image. Neither are the old exempt from the process. Impacted illusions crumble only very gradually in the light of reason. ➔

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For the novelist or the historian who is trying to describe, in terms which might have some permanence —the permanence of Dante's *Inferno,* or of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, for examples—the problem of imprint is very crucial. Being human he can't be exempt from the dogmas and political passions of his time. Passions good and evil furnish the fuel that keeps the artistic process going. The writer's personal resentments and frustrations and enthusiasms furnish the head of steam that drives the engine. But to obtain the objectivity that is essential to good work he must keep his own mental processes, as well as those of the people he is describing, within the focus of his satiric lens.

The Writer as Hunter

During the last fifty years we have heard endless arguments on this topic. The artist must be *engagé.* The artist must be *degagé.* He must free himself from the propaganda and the demagoguery of his age. The discussion is fruitless. Artistic works to be of lasting value must be both engaged and disengaged. They must have a certain lift, a certain aloofness that separates them from the obsessions of the hour. At the same time they must encompass—in no matter how modest or fragmentary a way—the whole range of the human spirit.

The aim of narrative writing, or poetry or painting or abstract design has been the same since the time of Aristotle and long before. It has been to give the pleasure that all men feel in the expression of skill and through that pleasure in skill, to furnish the catharsis that comes from a heightened understanding, a simplification, a formalization of the unbearable turmoil of life clattering about men's ears. No matter what his method may be it is the narrator's objectivity, sometimes hidden, sometimes apparent, that gives humane value to his narrative. Keats was right when he exclaimed that beauty was truth and truth beauty.

For the novelist, his work is an endless struggle between his passions and prejudices and his need to turn them to good purpose in the objective description of the life around him.

Observing objectivity demands a sort of virginity of the perceptions. Each time he sits down at his desk a man has to clear all preconceived notions out of his head.

The sensitivity of a man's perceptions is in no way increased by the painful squinting of the eyes and the anxious straining of the ears. The state of mind of the dispassionate observer is somewhat analogous to the hunter's. An expert hunter in a duck blind, or walking behind his dogs round the edges of a cornfield or waiting by a deerpath in the woods, thinks of nothing. He forgets himself. He lets all his senses come awake to respond to the frailest intimations that come to his ears or his eyes of the movement of game. Really good shots, the fellows who really bring down the quail, are people who are able to forget who they are and become for the moment just an eye and an ear and a gun.

To report objectively some scene, some person, the gestures two people make when meeting on the street, the movement of some animal, the shape of some organism under the microscope, the writer has to fall just an instant into the hunter's state of unpreoccupied alertness.

The hunter has to know what to look for. For years he must have been building up a bank of experience. An expert ornithologist can give one glance into a thicket. Where I see only some English sparrows he can pick up a wren sitting on her nest and three different kinds of warblers. As a result of a lifetime of observation a good hunter can tell, from the slight disturbance of twigs and pinetags on a path through the woods whether it was a deer or a raccoon that just passed that way. The trained novelist has to develop his sort of capacity.

He has to conquer his own professional deformations. By the nature of his occupations the man of letters tends to become a man of words and not of deeds. His attention is likely to be on the name of the thing rather than on the thing itself. The literate man tends to believe that when he has named, labeled and pigeonholed some event, some sight, some manifestation of the manifold oddities of life, he has disposed of it. He is likely to apply the label before he has really observed the object. To observe objectively a man has to retain something of childhood's naive and ignorant state of mind. In my experience children and illiterate people often see things more exactly than educated men. The first-rate novelist like the first-rate scientist must be obsessed by his own ignorance. This conviction of ignorance is the first step towards understanding. Astonishment strangely quickens the senses.

To See and to Express

Curiosity is the key. I wonder sometimes if the curiosity which makes a man want to see clearer and clearer isn't related to the hunters' or trackers' alertness which might well have been the quality most needed for survival far back in the history of the race.

The state of mind that makes for objective description, like every state of mind in which you forget who you are, has a sort of primeval happiness about it. You look out at the world with a fresh eye as if it were the morning of the first day of creation.

There is a lucid little paragraph that has given me great pleasure in an English translation of William Harvey's *Circulation of the Blood.* Harvey by the way became a doctor of medicine in Padua at about the time this Academy of the Lynxes was first founded.

Let me read it to you:

> We have a small shrimp in these countries, which is taken in the Thames and in the sea, the whole of whose body is transparent; this creature, placed in a little water, has frequently afforded myself and particular friends an opportunity of observing the motions of the heart with the greatest distinctiveness, the extreme parts of the body presenting no obstacle to our view, but the heart being perceived as though it had been seen through a window.

The aim, the never quite attainable aim of the novelist or historian is to see men's private emotions and their movements in masses as clearly as William Harvey saw the heart of the shrimp and to express what they see as lucidly as Harvey did in the little paragraph I have just read. Undoubtedly this sort of seeing was what Galileo's friends had in mind when they called this academy the Academy of Lynxes.

To see clearly and to express clearly what he sees is still the writer's aim, but with all the narrative skill in the world, how hard it is to attain!

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Letter From Africa

Entering 1968

ELSPETH HUXLEY

The most important fact about Africa as it enters 1968 got no attention in the news roundups and New Year messages—it is a non-fact in today's jargon. It is simply that the population has continued to grow faster than the food supplies. So in real terms Africa, instead of growing richer, has gone on getting poorer, the day of famine has drawn that much nearer and restiveness among the people, led to expect utopia-with-freedom and now clobbered by realities no politician can overcome, correspondingly deeper. This trend towards poverty has continued despite some very creditable economic progress by some nations, and despite an undiminished flow of Western aid. It is just that the flow of little Africans has been not merely undiminished, but accelerated, and like a flood overwhelmed much of the economic progress that has been made.

Elspeth Huxley

Political upheavals have, of course, worsened things. The biggest disaster of 1967 was the Ibo secession from the Federation of Nigeria and the civil war which has now subsided into its guerrilla stage, with Federal forces holding all the cards, but Colonel Ojukwu and his Ibos so far are refusing to give in. In the end they will have to, having failed to engage the active sympathies of the outside world, but in the meantime great and lasting damage has been done. Nor is the cause of stepping up production of food and raw materials helped by the seemingly permanent state of chaos prevailing over most of the Congo, potentially the richest region of all. The mercenaries, now removed, have been the scapegoats but the real causes are a lack of any genuine political unity, the raw state of tribalism, and the inability of the central government to enforce law and order.

Western observers, dedicated to democracy, tut-tut the various African single-party states, military regimes and dictatorships, which indeed sometimes overstep the mark with the African people themselves. But the Congo proves that, on the whole, Africans are right. The only antidote to raw tribalism is either a single-party state, as Nyerere is proving in Tanzania, Obote in Uganda and Kaunda in Zambia, or army rule as in Ghana, the Sudan and several of the Francophone states. In Kinshasa, Mobutu lacks a strong enough army, his state is too vast and disjointed, and there is no political solvent powerful enough to break down the thick crust of tribalism. Until this great central hash has been settled, stability in central Africa will remain a fugitive god. One of the sacrifices has been the unfortunate Tshombe, who continues to languish pitifully in an Algerian jail more or less forgotten by the rest of the world.

The third major tragedy of 1967 has been a total failure to cut through the Rhodesian knot. If to increase the real wealth of Africa is the one thing that really matters, those responsible for keeping on the sanctions policy should be prosecuted for the crime of wilful impoverishment. While sanctions have failed either to bankrupt Rhodesia or to dislodge Mr. Smith, they have succeeded in slowing down, and in some cases reversing, the country's development. Rhodesia could be producing more meat, more maize, more of many things needed by the world's hungry people. To prevent this is a crime against humanity considerably blacker than withholding the vote from a majority of Africans until a fairly basic level of education qualifies them to exercise it. If Britain, the United States and other nations had pumped *in* oil, and bought all Rhodesia could produce, more Africans would by now have got to the voters' rolls and majority rule would have been that much nearer, instead of ever further away. As it is, everyone has lost, most of all the Africans.

Or at least, not quite everyone. The company paid several hundred thousand pounds for *not* pumping in oil is sitting pretty, and the French and Japanese, among others, have picked up a nice bit of trade thrown overboard by the British. Now it's said the French are angling for important contracts for arms that the British are refusing to supply to South Africa, without whose ports and bunkering facilities Britain herself would be oil-less so long as the Suez Canal remains closed. If a few left-wing members succeed in frightening Mr. Wilson off a deal with Mr. Vorster, and so lose this market to the French, they will deal a really savage blow at their own wilting economy. It is not even as if Britain were buying African goodwill with her lost trade. She is buying nothing but abuse and contempt, coupled with a demand for more aid without the least wisp of string attached. Meanwhile British aid to underdeveloped countries continues to run at an annual rate of well over $500 million, a strain on balance of payments an overstretched economy cannot afford.

If the economic scene in Africa is bleak, and worsened by a further fall in the prices of several major exports, there have been one or two political gains. Outstanding is the settlement, at least for the time being, of the bitter boundary dispute between Kenya and Somalia; a settlement initiated by the Organization of African Unity at its meeting at Kinshasa in September, and finalized at Arusha (Tanzania) when President Kaunda of Zambia presided over a meeting between President Kenyatta of Kenya and Prime Minister Mohamed Egal of Somalia. The OAU has been a thing of shreds and patches lately and this success did something to smarten up its image. The Somalis promised to stop trying to detach most of Kenya's Northern Province and incorporate it in a Greater Somalia, while both sides agreed to a peaceable discussion of the issues involved. So for the time being, anyway, tension has fallen in the Horn of Africa as it has in Uganda, where Prime Minister Milton Obote, one of the most astute of all African leaders, has set up the uni-

(Continued on p. 46)

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Letter From Colombo

Guerrilla Warfare and Peking

JUSTUS M. VAN DER KROEF

Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung is perhaps not as much of a best-seller here as it is in Paris or on some U.S. campuses, but it is surprising and disconcerting (considering the generally intelligent anti-Communism of Premier Dudly Senanayake's government in Ceylon) to note the speed with which it is being snapped up by enthusiastic undergraduates at some local colleges and universities.

More is involved than mere sophomoric curiosity: the rapid radicalization of Ceylonese youth has been the avowed aim of the Peking faction of the Ceylon Communist Party, and student involvement in the Communist-exploited racial riots in Colombo early last year was conspicuous. Whatever foreign policy reverses Peking may currently be suffering, its appeal to student radicalism all over Southeast Asia continues strong. After the Indonesian Army smashed the Communist coup in Djakarta on September 30, 1965, for example, several score Indonesian students in the USSR and East European satellite countries managed to make their way to Peking where, their ranks soon increased by what the Indonesian Antara news agency referred to as "700 PKI fugitives from Indonesia," they grouped themselves in an "Indonesian Students' Organization in China" whose publications now call for "a protracted armed struggle against the Suharto dictatorship."

The call is not altogether rhetorical. Shortly before the September coup, the Malaysian and the Thai press (though not the censor-ridden Indonesian press) had carried reports of covert arms shipments by Peking to the Indonesian Communists. Today, Indonesian Army authorities warn of a similar trickle of Chinese Communist arms flowing into Indonesian Borneo via the ethnic Chinese "Clandestine Communist Organization" in Sarawak, whose members have been waging a guerrilla war and terror campaign since 1964. Two Indonesian "students" from Peking were arrested last April near Djogjakarta, Central Java, in the company of a small PKI guerrilla remnant that had been hiding in the mountains of the area since the abortive 1965 coup. It was to stop the continuing flow of Peking's weapons and propaganda materials that the Indonesian Army recently rounded up some 5,000 Chinese living along the Sarawak border, who were suspected of supplying both the Sarawak guerrillas and the PKI underground in Indonesia. Meanwhile Indonesian military authorities are predicting the formation in the near future of a formal "Indonesian National Liberation Movement" on the model of the Peking-based "Thailand Patriotic Front" and "Malayan National Liberation League," which are coordinating guerrilla operations in their respective areas.

Peking Backstops Subversion

In a special White Paper published by the Malaysian government on October 25, 1966, Malaysian premier Tunku Abdul Rahman warned that "militant and violent forms" of Communist activity were emerging in Western Malaysia and charged that this "is a vital part of the over-all pattern of Communist aggression and subversion in Southeast Asia, masterminded and directed by Peking." Over-all direction belongs to the Malayan National Liberation League, whose Peking representative, P. V. Parma, periodically announces victories won by the League's 700-man guerrilla band operating in the mountainous border area between western Malaysia and southern Thailand. Both the guerrillas and the Malaysian Communist Party are composed almost entirely of Malaya-born Chinese.

Since Indonesia officially called off its "Crush Malaysia" campaign last year, the guerrillas of the "Malayan National Liberation League" have had to do without direct assistance in men and materials, once provided by the Indonesian Communists. But Red China is ready to backstop further subversion in Malaysia. In September 1966, Malaysian deputy premier Abdul Razak told the Malaysian lower house that a number of key Sarawak Communists had recently met in Peking and resolved to continue their guerrilla struggle until Malaysia broke apart. The dismemberment of the Malaysian Federation into small and comparatively weak separate states like a "Republic of Sarawak" and a "Republic of Malaya" has been the avowed aim of Malaysian Communists since the Malaysian Federation was formed in 1963.

Despite the expensive resettlement of suspected border communities and stepped-up patrolling, Sarawak's "Clandestine Communist Organization" has kept its hard core of about a thousand members, several score of whom regularly maraud the countryside in small, highly mobile guerrilla bands—attacking police posts and small settlements. Sarawak's 400,000 Chinese, more than a third of the state's population, provide most of the support for these bands. Limited employment opportunities among ambitious younger Chinese in the state, and a host of real or imaginary grievances, continue to make the Sarawak Chinese community fertile ground for Maoist propaganda.

Among the more than sixteen million *hau chiao* (overseas Chinese) in Southeast Asia, Peking continues its skilful exploitation of their traditional sense of homeland. Singapore's Interior Minister, Dr. Goh Keng Swee, in a notable analysis of Chinese Communist tactics earlier this year, called attention to the underground Communist apparatus' method of recruitment among the high-school-age youth of his predominantly Chinese island state. Likely prospects are first drawn into a network of self-perpetuating student cells where attention seems initially focused on the coaching of the neophytes to improve their academic performance. But in subsequent stages the recruit is introduced to appropriate literature describing Chinese dynastic heroes, then to tales of "people's" resistance in the war against Japan, and eventually

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to Communist China's achievements. Thereafter, he enters upon a regular Communist indoctrination course. "Needless to say," Goh remarked, "Singapore suffers badly by comparison with an idealized Chinese Communist society, even though Singapore's per capita income is about five times larger than China's."

The most recent Peking front in Singapore, called the "People's Revolutionary Party," was disclosed last year to have buried a number of arms caches in the rural sections of Singapore island, not far from Nanyang University—an institution which is as much a center of radical Left Chinese student chauvinism today as it was when I taught there four years ago.

Guerrillas by Proxy?

When it comes to waging guerrilla war by proxy or encouraging subversion in Southeast Asia, Peking refuses to cut its losses. An illustration is its continuing and quite vocal support for another guerrilla movement, the so-called "North Kalimantan National Liberation League," led by the exiled Brunei politician A. M. Azahari. Toward the close of 1962, Azahari, the leader of Brunei's newly formed "People's Party," organized a short-lived uprising in oil-rich Brunei, to dramatize opposition to the impending Malaysian Federation. British and Malaysian forces quickly expelled the rebels from the oil installations they had seized. With Indonesian backing, and operating in tandem with Sarawak Communist guerrillas, Azahari then developed his own "national army" of guerrillas which operated in northern Sarawak and in Sabah, the former protectorate of British North Borneo, which also joined the Malaysian Federation in September 1963. Theoretically Azahari favored creation of an independent, unified North Kalimantan (i.e. North Borneo) state, comprising Sabah, Brunei and Sarawak; in practice however, it was another stratagem to break up the Malaysian Federation and its avowedly anti-Communist government. Peking's press gave Azahari full-throated support, but quarrels between Azahari and his lieutenants, and Azahari's evident weakness for the fleshpots of Djakarta and Manila, contributed to the deterioration of the enterprise. Well before the September coup in Djakarta, the Indonesian government and the PKI, which at one time had enthusiastically backed Azahari, had become disenchanted with him. But not Communist China. According to Manila press circles, Azahari has recently been traveling to Hanoi and Peking to win new backing. Just as in imperial days rulers of the lands around the South China Sea would send their embassies and tributes to the Chinese court, so today the guerrilla chiefs and spinners of political subversion in the countries of Southeast Asia kowtow to Peking.

The internal weaknesses of Southeast Asian states constantly open new opportunities to the Communist Chinese. In Burma, where the writ of the central government does not run much further than a hundred miles beyond Rangoon, Peking has long ingratiated itself with rebellious upcountry tribesmen, notably in the Shan area. Earlier there had been joint Chinese Communist-Burmese border operations in this region against remnants of Nationalist Chinese forces left there after the final defeat of Chiang's armies. Burma's allies in this operation came to stay, however, and China-watchers have recently reported that Communist Chinese troops from Yunan, clad in Burmese uniforms, are now a regular feature of the remote Shan landscape.

In the Philippines, Peking has not only supplied arms and agents to the resurgent Huks in rural Luzon, but in the Manila press, on college campuses, and in leading business circles, an intense campaign is under way to promote diplomatic and commercial ties with Peking and to advertise and win sympathy for Communist Chinese achievements. The pro-Peking faction of the Chinese community in the Philippines reportedly has provided most of the financial backing for this propaganda drive. Mao's propagandists in the Philippines argue that it is the need for "land reform," not the existence of Communism, that is the "real" issue in the current Huk rising. It all induces a horrible sensation of *déjà vu* —of the days after World War II when Maoists were complacently described as mere "agrarian reformers." But it is by and in such a climate, nevertheless, that Peking's assault on Southeast Asia today is made possible.

That Peking has no intention of letting up in this assault is apparent also from a look at the present Communist guerrilla insurgency in the Nakon Phanom, Sakonnakhon and Ubon provinces of northeastern Thailand. Chinese involvement in Thai Communism is of long standing: among the very first batch of Bangkok Communist leaders arrested late in 1928, half were agents from China and most of the others local Chinese. Today Peking's hand is equally evident. In January of this year Thai Premier Kittikachorn revealed that most of the more than one hundred Communist suspects recently arrested in the Central Plains provinces of the country were Thai-born Chinese who had slipped out to Communist China for training and subsequently returned for terrorism and sabotage. The outlawed, underground Thai Communist Party acts as a conduit today between the guerrilla strongholds in the heavily wooded Phupan mountains and the "Thaipan Patriotic Front" in Peking.

Guerrillas, Terrorists Team Up

Now reportedly numbering 3,000, with additional thousands of cowed village supporters, the guerrilla force in the Northeast also appears to have established links with the earlier mentioned Communist terrorists in the South along the Malaysian border. Chin Peng, the leader of the southern insurgents, has repeatedly been seen in Peking in the past year. Communist China provides much of the coordination between the Malayan and Thai "liberation" movements, but Hanoi plays a part. Much of the relative effectiveness of the insurgents in northeastern Thailand comes from the network established there earlier by North Vietnamese cadres. Similarly, in neighboring Laos an estimated 25 per cent of the Communist Pathet Lao insurgents are from North Vietnam, while Chinese Communist military aides have been in Northern Laos for at least two years.

Whatever the currently fashionable "bridge building" preoccupations in some U.S. quarters, most of the leaders of Southeast Asia entertain no illusions about Peking's intentions: they know what Peking is up to because they are where the action is.

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Showdown With Insurrection

PRINCIPLES & HERESIES

Frank S. Meyer

THREE YEARS AGO, when "nonviolence" was all the rage, I had occasion in these pages to analyze an article by Martin Luther King, an analysis which I called "The Violence of Nonviolence." Dr. King had openly stated that the function of nonviolent demonstrations, such as that at Selma which he was currently discussing, was to provoke violence by his opponents. I wrote: "But this blatant admission that the aim of the nonviolent movement is to provoke violence only exposes the surface. It is not merely in its commitment to the provocation of violence by others that this movement betrays the hypocrisy of its name; it is violent in its very essence, relying as it does upon a terror inspired by mobs to destroy the processes of constitutional government. . . .

Meyer

"For deliberation, adjustment, and justice he would substitute the assemblage of a militant mob, the provocation of violence, the stirring up of mass emotion, culminating in the *forcing* of his ideological prescriptions upon the constituted representatives of the republic. It is a program for government by force and the threat of force."

Dr. King, unlike many of the other leaders of the Negro revolution, still wears the fig leaf of nonviolence, if somewhat rakishly askew. But if there were ever any doubts as to his insurrectionary intentions against constitutional government, his program for 1968 dispels them once and for all. What Dr. King has done, after three years of mounting violence culminating in Newark and Detroit, is to announce the organization this spring in Washington of a massive campaign of civil disobedience, that is, an effort to bring the functioning of the government to a stop until Dr. King's ideological program is enacted, in his words, "massive dislocation" of the capital "until America responds."

The methods he has indicated he will use, according to the *New York Times*, include invasions of the Capitol and the White House, transportation tieups, boycotts and demonstrations of various types. It is obvious on the face of it that such actions will have to be met with force unless the government is to surrender to Dr. King. It is equally obvious, considering the history of the past few years, that anything but surrender will spark off uprisings not only in Washington, where an uneasy peace has prevailed these last two summers, but elsewhere. As a matter of fact, Dr. King, according to the *Times*, "acknowledged that the ugly mood of many Negroes in the nation's slums made the campaign 'risky'"—the understatement of the year.

WHAT IN ESSENCE Dr. King is doing is making a bold play for leadership of this year's insurrectionary developments, which he is programming to begin in April rather than July, and hoping to turn from a haphazard series of events into a coordinated rebellion. He is bringing to a head a crisis that, if it is not met by the firm methods available to constitutional government to maintain itself, can only end in bloody race war, with a resulting movement of government towards that dictatorship which always follows anarchy.

A free constitutional order is a precarious civilizational growth. Once riven asunder, it is not easily attained again. The history of the past few centuries is littered with the corpses of governments that met the challenge of organized mobs with too little and much too late; they went down in a welter of anarchy succeeded inevitably by dictatorial usurpation. Unless early firm action is taken this spring to suppress Dr. King's attack on constitutional government, the outcome in Washington and nationwide could be incalculable disaster. It is also true that preparation for the same type of action is urgently necessary for every city in the country, but it is Washington in April that will set the pattern.

PRESERVATION of civil order and firm defense of constitutional procedures against the revolutionary methods of Negro leaders like King, Carmichael and Brown are measures necessary to the preservation of a free society in the United States; at the same time they are the indispensable prerequisites for any possible future advance of the Negro people.

I would conclude from extensive reading right across the spectrum that the hopes of American Negroes are concentrated on two goals—respect and employment. Nothing significant about either can be achieved by government action, or *a fortiori* by violent pressures to bring forth government action. Fundamentally, as Booker T. Washington understood decades ago, respect and access to jobs must be earned by the Negroes themselves, as a substantial number of individual Negroes have demonstrated. The sooner it is made clear that revolutionary methods will achieve nothing, the sooner the Negro community will set its course on this, the only road to advancement. It is the road that other ethnic groups have successfully taken, and while the difficulties for the Negro are greater, the prejudices deeper, the principle is the same.

There remains as an asset the great fund of American good will towards any group striving to improve itself. That good will still continues despite the excesses of the past few years. But if civil order is not restored quickly in our cities, it will soon vanish.

A decent future for the Negro people, like a decent future for the country as a whole, depends upon the preservation of constitutional order. It is to be hoped that President Johnson in his actions and the Republican candidates for the Presidency in their programs, will address themselves to this overriding crisis, free of ideological prepossessions or selfseeking electoral considerations.

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Confrontation

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Anybody attempting to judge a highly divergent collection of political essays is obviously liable to regard as best and worst respectively those with which he happens most to agree and disagree: but it would be equally unfair to ignore the possibility that these may really be the best and the worst. This, after examining my conscience, I believe to be the case with *Left, Right and Center*. Of the seven essays contained in this solid little volume the clearest and most rigorously argued—besides being, to me, the most congenial—is Frank S. Meyer's "Conservatism": the worst by far, is "A Liberal Perspective on Liberalism and Conservatism" by David Spitz.

The book originated in a meeting at the Public Affairs Conference Center a couple of years ago. As its editor, Robert A. Goldwin, explains in a prefatory note, the object is to present a controversy, indeed, the basic political controversy of our times, through the writing of authoritative spokesmen for opposing points of view; Mr. Goldwin adds, "of such a variety that no one can reasonably agree with all of them."

The essays are serious—rather excessively so—and academically very respectable. Interesting ideas are constantly tossed into the debate and left for the reader to chew over. Thomas S. Schrock, for example, discussing the sort of differences which ought to be encouraged in a healthily pluralist society, concludes that they will have to be economic because racial differences are too inflammatory and religious differences "create too much animosity in religious times and not enough distinction in secular times," a very perceptive comment.

Mr. Schrock's essay is mainly about the Supreme Court but some of the points raised have a much wider application. For instance, the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment says that "no State shall deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law"—which, as Mr. Schrock points out, inevitably means that "a State *may* deprive a person of property or liberty, if it does so with due process." This illustrates the slipperiness of the ground on which people in any country stand who boast of having "freedom under the law," as though it were of only secondary importance what their laws happen to be.

The last essay in the book is a high-minded discourse by Professor Samuel H. Beer about the way in which liberalism has helped and is helping notably today in its concentration on civil rights, to weld the American nation into a single community. He feels "a chilling sense of anxiety" whenever he contemplates the "heresy" of secession and speculates on what might have happened if the South had won the Civil War. Apart from the niceties of constitutional theory, the most revealing part of this argument is what Professor Beer omits. It is absolutely characteristic of liberal thinking that he shows no spark of sympathy for a substantial and coherent minority whose way of life is threatened by the majority. This is a problem he doesn't even pause to consider.

What I, as an Englishman, find most shocking in the attitude of liberals to the American Constitution is their dislike of exactly those safeguards which I have always thought so admirable and enviable, and their admiration of exactly those features of the British system which not only conservatives but virtually every informed person in Britain now regards as deplorable and alarming. The unchecked power of whichever party happens to have a majority in Parliament, the lack of any true separation of powers between the Executive and the Legislature, the rise of mass political parties and the rigid Parliamentary "whipping" which came in with them—these are great and generally acknowledged evils. How to mitigate them is the main theme nowadays of any serious discussion about political institutions. So it is rather breathtaking to find American liberals actually desiring these same evils for the United States.

For David Spitz no liberal fallacy is too extravagant. After starting as though he were going to make a cool analysis of the difference between liberal and conservative attitudes, his essay quickly degenerates into a wildly slanted polemic. Its description of conservatism is a travesty, its account of liberalism so naive that it might have been written by a starry-eyed schoolgirl. And Professor Spitz teaches political philosophy to the innocent young at Ohio State University.

How can any professor of political science, whatever his own views, write a sentence like "conservatives speak little of human or civil rights but much of property and vested rights," as though it had never occurred to him that property and vested rights might themselves be very important human and civil rights? And for sustained shallowness of thought it would be hard to beat this: "Property divides men into those who have and those who have not, and who are thus dependent on those who have for their very survival. Dependence makes for inequality, inequality begets servility, and servility renders freedom impossible." *Ergo*, according to Professor Spitz, private property and freedom are incompatible.

He is a perfect specimen of the liberal theorist who has never looked out of his study window. Only complete ignorance of the real world can

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***Left, Right and Center: Essays on Liberalism and Conservatism in the United States*, edited by Robert A. Goldwin. Rand-McNally, $1.95**

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explain a remark like this:

"In an earlier time there may have been some justification for regarding the state as a crucial, even the sole, enemy of man's freedom. But the coming of democracy has converted the state from the agent of the few to the agent of the whole. In such a state, properly actualized, the government is the people's own. . ."

Or this:

"In what must be accounted one of the great paradoxes of our time, the majority of the American people do not seem to want a system of majority rule. They do not trust themselves to rule wisely. They welcome formal or institutional restraints on their own powers and desires."

Anybody who finds this eminently prudent desire paradoxical must surely be disqualified as a serious political philosopher. Consider, by way of contrast, a passage which Mr. Schrock quotes from Madison, warning that the nature of man "renders him much more disposed to vex and oppress his fellows than to cooperate for the common good . . ." Therefore ". . . in framing a government which is to be administered by men over men, the great difficulty lies in this: you must first enable the government to control the governed; and in the next place oblige it to control itself." Control of the government is particularly necessary when a majority experiences "the same passion or interest at the same time."

One would have thought the newest freshman at Ohio State University could see that the Madisonian approach is more realistic than that of Professor Spitz.

LET US TURN with relief to Frank Meyer's excellent essay. He identifies the conservative movement as a reaction to the many-headed revolutionary process which began in America with the election of Franklin Roosevelt, but is expressed elsewhere, in varying degrees of harshness, by the phenomena of Communism and Nazism, by the nationalism of Nkrumah, Nasser and Sukarno, by socialism in Britain and Scandinavia. The essence of this revolution is everywhere the same: an aggrandizement of the State over the lives of individual persons, and this is always dressed up in a cloak of rhetorical concern for "the masses."

Conservatives, on the other hand, if they had to choose between freedom and an increase in material welfare, would choose freedom. They do, as it happens, believe that a free economy is the most effective producer of wealth, but this can never be their prime consideration.

ONE OF THE electioneering difficulties which conservatives face, as Stephen C. Shadegg points out in a very frank essay about the failure of the Goldwater campaign, is that they must often seem to be proposing to do nothing while the liberals at least promise to do something. Mr. Shadegg concludes that conservatives will have to cast their policies in a more positive form. Mr. Meyer, with greater intellectual toughness, says that conservatives must accept the charge of negativity, because a positive program for the preservation of freedom requires negative measures for the dismantling of unwarranted governmental activity.

The first move, I would suggest, shall be semantic. "Negative" is a weasel word foisted on conservatives from the vocabulary of their opponents. Strong anti-Communism, for example, is, according to the normal usage of the English language, a positive sentiment. Only on Marxist assumptions does it become "negative." Similarly, the desire to encourage independence is as "positive" a policy as the desire for government handouts; but to be against government handouts is quite wrongly stigmatized as a "negative" attitude. In urging governments to do less, in organizing themselves to oppose the whole *ethos* of excessive organization, conservatives cannot avoid practical and philosophic difficulties, but they need not add to them by accepting their opponents' loaded terminology.

The value of *Left, Right and Center* is that it stimulates such discussions. But I shall remember it principally for another reason. I had always assumed —and indeed it's true—that the spectrum of British politics lay several points to the left of the American spectrum. But I now realize, what I hadn't fully appreciated before, that really hardcore American liberals are as bad as any we have in Britain.

Verse

A Metric Goad

HERBERT A. KENNY

A MAN who makes his name by verse,
though he takes sides, the world is worse
when he begins than when he's through.
Does he write for NATIONAL REVIEW
or for the *Nation*? If he has wit
he writes, and there's an end to it.
That is to say, his point of view
may be too much for me or you
but, acolytes to art, we bow
to the high priest with the high know-how.
Such is Bill von Dreele; I'd rhyme
his name with the blessed ones of Time
if only I could tell for real
whether his name is said, "von Dreel,"
or if, let's say, I knew that really
one should pronounce it "Bill von Dreely." →

If Liberals Had Feathers, Gee/What a Hunter I Would Be, **by W. H. von Dreele. Illustrations by Mary Gauerke. Foreword by Wm. F. Buckley Jr. Devin-Adair, $2.75.**

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Monosyllabic or fore and aft,
V.D. is master of his craft.
Salud, V.D., and please to know
the initials intend no innuendo.
We are brothers under the quip;
rhyme on and let your verses trip.
Rebuke my liberal friends when they
sit down too smug to their curds and whey.
Drive home the barb when the ADA
smirks out of turn on election day.
Implant the shaft when the Democrats
kowtow exposing their too-plump prats.
Strike when the fever flushes the foe.
Tune in, turn on, versify, let go!

THE DEFT PHRASE and the rhythmic word
that makes pretentiousness absurd,
the rhyming line, the metric goad
that lets puffed arrogance explode
serve all the angels, -tor and -trix
apart from the twists of politics.
In the Great Debate, those briefs beguile,
which come to us with wit and style.
When Bill writes ". . . thanks to LBJ
We don't make a move unless they say
It's guaranteed to be popular
In Kenya, Ghana and Zanzibar."
He says it well and we get the point
that foreign affairs are out of joint.
And with what verve our poet meets
the ugliness of crime in streets—
"Bolt the door and shoot the lock;
Someone's screaming down the block.
. . . Take a taxi to your date:
Subways, *never* after eight.
Do not pause to dine—
Run right past that city line!
And, hereafter, lady, shun
Big Town for your summer fun."

JAVITS, Bobby, Harold Stassen
all come in for acid sassin';
Rockefeller, Eisenhower,
Lindsay, Leary, Flower Power.
If Tin Pan Alley has a lyric,
he turns it into so satiric
a parody you'll never hear
the tune again but you start to cheer
the wit that makes you smile, recalling
his impishness, acerb, appalling.

IF YOU'VE forgotten about his prose
he *writes bits*. We have *three of those*
short pieces of his in this paperback
in which he turns his droll attack
on Salinger and Miss Sagan
and McNamara. When he's done
he leaves you laughing, but you've grown
wiser for the overtone
that dances along his witticisms.

THE WORLD needs more rhymed criticisms.
So sing on well, droll Bill von Dreele,
needle and drill till your victims squeal.
Tell it baby, like it is
and give what's flat a bit of fizz.
As versifying escalates
conservatism liberates.

Triumph of the Will (and Ariel)

BRENTON H. SMITH

Mary Gauerke Frontispiece—

If Liberals Had Feathers, Gee/ What a Hunter I Would Be

FOR MANY YEARS Winthrop Sargeant, music critic of the *New Yorker*, has been singing the Lord's song in a strange land. In numerous columns this stubborn romanticist has preached the idea that too much contemporary music turns out to have no popular audience. In fact, it is composed from the beginning as if a popular audience were to be avoided as a mark of shame. Unfortunately, the audience that today's composer seems to want is an audience of other professional musicians. The public is ignored and would just as soon be ignored, since it finds in new music a succession of revolutionary but still aridly technical exercises, altogether lacking in depth, inspiration, and emotion.

Sometimes I think that what the historical profession needs is a Winthrop Sargeant. It needs to be warned that, just like contemporary music and for similar reasons, contemporary history is too frequently being divorced from the public. In their sometimes inane quest for originality scholars tend to become more and more submerged in a well-documented triviality, or else they become peddlers of ideas that are merely weird or outrageous. Small wonder America yawns.

One author who has successfully tried to hang on to a real public is Will Durant. In a day and age when historians actually work in teams, on very restricted subjects, and when

Rousseau and Revolution, by Will and Ariel Durant. Little, $15.00

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specialists are hesitant about claiming command over a decade, he has done the impossible and has done it amidst the scowls of learned dons. With his wife Ariel at his side he has produced a massive universal history, carrying Western civilization from its very beginnings up to the opening of the French Revolution. Working tirelessly in accordance with one of the most elaborate blueprints and one of the most demanding schedules known to academic history, Durant devoted three or four years to each of his successive projects. He immersed himself quickly and totally in the material of the period involved. Then he wrote.

Back in 1935 he completed Volume I, *Our Oriental Heritage,* and now at hand is the end of the whole series, Volume X, *Rousseau and Revolution.* It is hard to resist the feeling that Durant, now almost 82, has one of the most encyclopedic minds of recent centuries and that he offers a panoramic view that has never been matched in a long age from Livy through Toynbee.

The *American Historical Review,* which can tell the difference between good histories and bad ones, commented uncomfortably about a couple of the early Durant volumes, but eventually it became embarrassed to mention Durant before its academic audience, and so after Volume V he was dismissed forever as an unreliable popularizer in almost the same fashion in which a clumsy quarterback might be dismissed and sent to the sidelines with notice that he would probably not even make out as a cheerleader. In fact, the Durant history does have its serious faults, but these faults have little to do with its being unreliable or popularized. They have to do with its being leaden and uncritical and incohesive.

Desiring to present a universal history of universal appeal, Durant steers away from partisanship—political, religious, or intellectual. He does not have the drive of Voltaire or the vision of Toynbee. He does not create a compelling synthesis. Despite a few well-phrased thoughts and entertaining comments *Rousseau and Revolution* is really a magnified and glorified textbook. It is a stringing out of names and quotations in great profusion, especially where literary or artistic figures are involved. Durant in his catholicity of taste wants to cover every aspect of life in every area of the European continent. But there is little interpretive unity in all this, and what emerges is a hodgepodge of social, artistic, literary and political histories somewhat artificially grafted on to one another.

Ordinarily political histories or biographies, witness for example almost any history of the pre-Civil War United States or any biography of Charles de Gaulle, contain a steady build-up towards some kind of finale, and this build-up, aside from being a proper reflection of history, is very important in keeping the reader's attention. In the good historian there is always something of the good novelist. But in Durant historical connections are never taut; the build-up never forms. As we move from the quarrels of Rousseau with Hume to the castration of the singer Farinelli and thereafter to the activities of concubines in Venice, our sense of direction is blurred. When the French Revolution arrives at long last, it is a kind of anti-climax, a not clearly understandable one at that.

In one obvious way Durant's work does not belong to the textbook category, for it contains an unusual interest in the raw side of life. Durant's glance seldom veers away from sex, disease, and death. In this sphere our author is unwilling to conceal the truth however awful it may be. If there is a pope agonizing with hemorrhoids, if there is a king groaning with syphilis, if there is a poet trapped between dropsy and smallpox, or if there is a criminal condemned to be broken on the wheel, Durant makes sure that we find out about it in appropriate detail. Also, in a way that is routine rather than exciting or lascivious, he is frank about the illicit love of the age, and apparently there was so much of it that one wonders how the eighteenth century found time to spare for symphonies, philosophies, and the French Revolution, or how its final legacy could consist of anything but unwanted and bothersome foundlings (no wonder Malthus got scared). The main performers here were James Boswell and Catherine the Great, who distressingly enough never met, and if you want to know which figure ran higher, the number of her paramours or the number of his affairs, you will have to check in Durant for yourself. Somewhere during these one thousand long pages, I confess it, I simply lost the count.

Prophet of Modernity

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

German," Eric Heller once said, "is the mother tongue of modernity." The statement was a kind of shorthand to indicate that every cultural and social formulation which has characterized the modern stance derives in some important measure from German thought and the work of German intellectuals. During the 1870s and 1880s when the new physics, the new symbolic art and literature, the new psychology, new social theories and the new philosophy were being formulated, the German-speaking lands were the cutting edge of revolutionary society and radical thought. Of those German thinkers none was more characteristic than the prophet of modernity, Friedrich Nietzsche. He was the great philosophical poet of the late nineteenth century. It will be, in the century ahead, Nietzsche who is recognized as giving his age its quintessential expression as Dante, his mirror image, expressed the thirteenth century. But, whereas Dante's pilgrimage was an ascent to order, Nietzsche's was a descent to chaos.

Because Nietzsche is so important to an understanding of modernity, we can only welcome the recent spate of excellent Nietzsche translations by Marianne Cowan and Walter Kaufmann. Nietzsche's most difficult book, *The Will to Power,* inadequately translated and unscrupulously edited in the old Ludivici edition, has now received careful translation and conscientious editing by R. J. Hollingdale and Walter Kaufmann. This edition is Professor Kaufmann's most important contribution to the English-speaking

The Will to Power, by Friedrich Nietzsche; tr., Walter Kaufmann and R. J. Hollingdale; ed., Walter Kaufmann. Random House, $10

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reader's knowledge of Nietzsche. Here one sees the philosopher at work. One confronts directly in these notes the integrity of the thinker, his pessimism and despair, his manic exaltation and persistent search. It is a Nansen-like journey to the pole of the human spirit. It is not, however, a finished work but rather a set of well-kept notebooks.

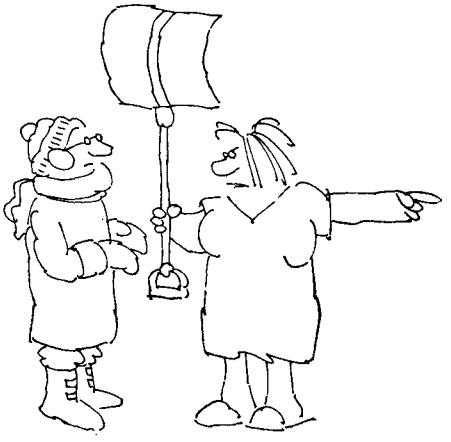
To an even greater extent than is the case with the formally finished Nietzsche works, *The Will to Power* smells of the preoccupations of the *fin de siècle*. It is as dated as *art nouveau*. Nietzsche's preoccupation with degeneracy, sickness, death and the loss of creative potency places him in the temporal context of an era which frankly characterized itself as "the age of decadence." The effect is heightened, moreover, by Nietzche's intense personal quest for vitality and his preoccupation with castration, diet and disease. He is, in short, a sick man living in a sick age.

BUT HIS PHILOSOPHY was neither simply a fad nor a reflection of his own personality. Nietzsche's critique of his own generation and of the faltering positivism and middle class orthodoxy which threatened to stifle the creative impulses of that generation is among his greatest achievements. The easy certainties, the hollow pretensions, the orthodox hypocrisy, all aroused his rage. But most especially he sought to force his age to take itself seriously and follow out the consequences of its basic assumptions. These are great and splendid qualities in an intellectual.

The great problem of the nineteenth century was the problem of God's existence. For Nietzsche, as for Marx, the issue was not the philosophical problem of whether or not God existed, but rather that God could not be permitted to exist were Promethean man to attain his full stature. Nietzsche's naturalism and Marx's materialism are afterthoughts, rationalizations, epistemological tricks through which modern Calibans sought to escape their creatureliness. And Nietzsche is a Caliban as was Marx.

There is an essential nastiness, an inhumanity, a cankered intellectuality, which, for all its pretensions, bears the unmistakable marks of the half-educated, in the personality of Nietzsche. His view of aristocracy is Philistine and lower middle-class; what the Germans so aptly call *Spiessbuergerlich*. He is envious of an amplitude and potency which he does not possess and he is condemned to admire that which he is unfitted by nature to exercise. He idolized the corrupt and sinful Borgia types of the Renaissance as men who affirmed the whole of their audacious personalities. Like Miniver Cheevy who "loved the Medici" he suffered from what someone has described as elephantiasis of the ego. However, in its modern form this parasitic inflammation does not produce Renaissance princes but rather Hitlers, Stalins and all the low and ugly monsters who feed upon the weaknesses of democratic society and a rationally ordered culture.

The order of nature, the structures of rationality, the categorical imperative and the proudest achievements of Western culture must be called into question so that in the ensuing vortex of chaos the strong man, the blond beast, will be able to build his proud structures of meaningless aggression. The act of creation, the act of knowing, and the act of love all are for Nietzsche forms of aggression. That is the essential meaning of *The Will to Power*, whatever the subtleties of its argumentation. Chaos is overcome either by art or by violence; meaning is created by an arbitrary myth, a great and successful lie; and a new humanistic religion and secular immortality are invented through a parody of revelation.



The ultimate implications of the subjectivism implicit in Romanticism are realized in Nietzsche. One by one, the links of love and reason and regard which bind men to the other are cut away and Promethean man stands, like Dante's Satan, at the center of the world, frozen in isolation and defiance. But knowing, making and loving which are forms of aggression not only distort and destroy our ability to know and to make and to love, they damage and destroy our very ability to comprehend the self.

NIETZSCHE IS MODERN because he conceives of the fulfillment of human existence in terms of power rather than in terms of love. Love is not, as Dante knew, sentimentalization, a suspension of judgment, or an ecstatic trance, but rather the objectification of the self and the other, and the rational quest for an excellence which the self does not possess. If anything today threatens our society and even our science it is an exploitative conception of personality and knowledge. From the Baconian dictum that "knowledge is power" we have moved to the position that the only reason for knowledge is the pursuit of power. Nietzsche was one with the pragmatists and the instrumentalists in defining knowledge in terms of instrumental utility.

We know from our own experience that when art is the handmaiden of power as Nietzsche would have it, art becomes propaganda. We know that when love is conquest, as Nietzsche would have it, the gates to perversion and death have been opened and we live in the world of de Sade. We are aware that when knowing is only the solution to a technical problem whose aim is the command of the environment, we blind reason and despoil nature.

BUT THE DIFFICULTY for contemporary society is that it rarely sees this problem pure and whole. We prefer to live in a world divided between two cultures, both of which we share. On the one hand, we exploit the techniques of aggression and devote ourselves to the quest for power and mastery. On the other, we temper the consequences of this behavior with a partial devotion to altruism, rationalism, dispassionate study, and a genuine concern for the whole of the created order. It is a kind of muddled eclecticism and it is the basic

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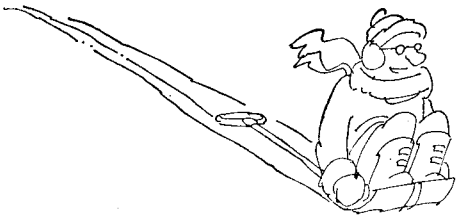

stance of modern liberalism. It creates a society of good men who usually act on bad premises. It is a position which led George Santayana to ask with respect to the pragmatists, "But what is a good life? Had William James, had the people about him, had modern philosophers anywhere, any notion of that? I cannot think so. They had much experience of personal goodness, and love of it; they had standards of character and right conduct; but as to what might render human existence good, excellent, beautiful, happy, and worth having as a whole, their notions were utterly thin and barbarous. . . ."

The great benefit we derive from Nietzsche is his honest formulation of the problem and his insistence that we live life consistently. Indeed, he insists that if we choose to live in a world in which we have dethroned God, we ought to be brave enough to accept the hell which it is bound to be.

Theater

Old Testament Man as American

ARLENE CROCE

BEGINNING IN 1935 and working intermittently until 1941, Eugene O'Neill completed three drafts of what was to have been the fourth in a cycle of nine plays about an American family of power, the Harfords—*More Stately Mansions*. The first two drafts he burned in 1943, and along with them the first two plays in the cycle, which were hopelessly long and so burdened with complexities as to have recast themselves mitotically in his mind as four plays, pushing the series up to eleven.

O'Neill's method of revision lay in accordance with his meditations on the Harfords and their origins. The more he thought about it the deeper it drove him into the past. He made endless notes, tracing genealogies, the rise and fall of characters. Again and again as he undertook to revise he found himself faced with the task of reconstituting the living tissue of his material as it extended itself forward and backward in time. His material seemed indeed infinite, as infinite as the mystery of human personality, which was his true subject.

A Tale of Possessors Self-Dispossessed he called the whole, in summation of his views on America. But politics, economics and history were side issues. In their biography, Arthur and Barbara Gelb have O'Neill writing to Lawrence Langner in 1936: "I'm not giving a damn whether the dramatic event of each play has any significance in the growth of the country or not, as long as it is significant in the spiritual and psychological history of the American family in the plays. The Cycle is primarily just that, the history of a family. . . . As for economic history—which so many seem to mistake for the *only* history just now—I am not much interested in economic determinism, but only in the self-determinism of which the economic is one phase, and by no means the most revealing—at least not to me."

By 1941 he knew the work would never be finished. By 1943 the writing career was over; the disease of the cerebellum had increased the trembling of his hands until he could scarcely hold a pencil. The last years of his writing life had been spent on plays unrelated to the cycle except for the deep fascination it had awakened in him with the past. *The Iceman Cometh* and *Long Day's Journey into Night* were both set in 1912, and the latter's sequel, *A Moon for the Misbegotten*, in 1923. The only complete play of the cycle was the third (renumbered fifth), written in 1936: *A Touch of the Poet*. Set in 1828, it dealt with Sara Melody, an Irish immigrant's daughter in love with the scion of a Yankee trading family, Simon Harford, who is never seen. Into the remaining manuscript of *More Stately Mansions*, which tells of Sara's marriage to Simon, of their assumption of the family fortune, of Simon's imposing, deranged mother Deborah, and of the struggle for dominance that ensues among the three of them, O'Neill inserted the forbidding words: "Unfinished Work—This script to be destroyed in case of my death!" He had given up the Harfords.

THESE WORDS will disqualify the play in advance for anyone who wishes to see in it a work of only minimal significance to the American theater. It is easy to dismiss O'Neill when you have O'Neill's authority for it. It is positively virtuous. The negative pomposity which this play has summoned from our enlightened reviewers is a perfect example of that magnanimous disesteem in which the American theater has always held its greatest poet. More stately mush has been composed on the disservice that is being done O'Neill's reputation by the production of a play he himself had discredited than could possibly have been elicited by the appearance of merely a bad play. Without O'Neill's *caveat* to flourish, there would only have been a play, a very strange and disturbing play that would have tested reputations other than his. But it was there; he said it. So, down the escape hatch went the critics, leaving a work of art which in other circumstances they might have felt compelled to puzzle over just a little. Some might even have found it Modern.

But is it ethical to present unfinished work? Which is higher, ethics or esthetics? Do we shoot the horse when the rider is dead or run him in the Grand National? Is there ever a finish line? O'Neill regularly overwrote, editing exhaustively for publication or production. In the present instance probably no one would have been the wiser who had not some understanding, first, of O'Neill's work methods, of his habit of hoarding scripts with an eye to revising already crystallized material in the light of some later inspiration, or second, of his incomparable ambition, hence anxiety, for the series of which this play (as it turns out) is a primary

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revelation, clearer by far than *A Touch of the Poet.*

The truth is that the play is brilliant; as to whether it is finished or not, the vital fact ought certainly to be that the script given to the Yale Library was five times the average length, which is long even for O'Neill and suggests that it stood in relation to the cycle as a nuclear unit. The Harfords appear for the first time as the controlling characters; the drama, as O'Neill predicted, is entirely an expression of their interior life; and this, so far from being turbid or inchoate, as critics have suggested, is compact with interest and with those mutual presences in the spirit of good and evil of which O'Neill, alone among American playwrights, had such perfect knowledge. There is no objective overview, or none, that is, in the version edited and mounted this fall by Mr. José Quintero, and we never discover whether Simon's freewheeling management of the family enterprises has in fact brought the company to ruin. All else is lucid, warm, animate. On the basis of Quintero's production it is clear at least to me that whatever "unfinished" may mean to the rest of us, to O'Neill it meant the difference between a self-contained, intensely communicative and eminently actable portion of a masterpiece and its higher consummation in the altitudes of his own imagination. And on that difference custodians of the American theater have presumed to rest their case that O'Neill is not quite ready for Broadway.

WHAT *More Stately Mansions* shows us is not so much the scale of O'Neill's projected cycle as its depth. It is the Age of Jackson, but there is little forward motion, small external reference, no panorama, no sense that matters of a social pattern. Nor are there any significant intellectual ideas that could not have been better developed by a sophomore earnestly taking notes on that great old two-headed American baby, Idealism and Materialism. O'Neill was not Shaw, not a thinker; his overwhelming gift as a dramatist was a consciousness of the ineradicable stain of human sin perpetuating itself through the generations—a vision of Old Testament man as American. The drive to power he saw as an infectious madness of the race, but he abstains from moral judgment as if in deference to predetermined fact. It is the configuration of power that absorbs him, working and changing at intimate quarters, in the family nest, in the sexual divide. In this tragic game whole personalities are caught up, nourished, destroyed, and it is from this sense of the single human personality before whose private pestilences and appetites any conviction of the objective world must falter that O'Neill's drama derives its strength and meaning for us.

I know of no greater challenge to American actors; the theatrical craft that has perfected parts like these is unknown in our time. Working for the most part with just three characters—Simon, Sara, Deborah—and with their individual needs to live and maneuver, O'Neill creates a chain of dramatic events that keeps an audience breathless, unable to see how he has done it. What emerges is something like a grand *folie à trois* or, more accurately, *à six,* for O'Neill's characters are always divisible: they have their masks (assumed ones rather than actual ones as in *The Great God Brown*), they make asides (as in *Strange Interlude*) . . . it is altogether unfashionable, non-literal, formal *theater* as distinct from a staged text. Here it is not merely that a text dull enough on the printed page is energized in performance, but more: the peculiar elliptical splendor of the writing for the three major roles, the uncanny double focus, become legible *only* in performance. For this reason alone, and if only on Chesterton's theory that whatever is worth doing is worth doing badly, the production would be justified.

Quintero, our theater's foremost interpreter of O'Neill, does it well. There is one magnificent performance by Colleen Dewhurst and a keen and intelligent one by Arthur Hill. Miss Ingrid Bergman returns to Broadway as Deborah in a salute, I prefer to think, to Sweden, where O'Neill drama has now taken up residence, rather than to the box office. But Miss Bergman is long gone from Sweden. Her rational composure is unrattleable. Instead of losing her senses she appears merely to be changing her mind. Superstars are distracting in any case. When Miss Bergman says (to herself): "At least old age has not impaired your talent for acting, Deborah!" the sillies in the audience are only too happy to agree.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE LAST YEAR OF A REBEL: *A Memoir of Edith Sitwell* by Elizabeth Salter (Houghton, $5.00). This book belongs to a *genre* which, despite its undoubted interest, requires its practitioners to walk a shady tightrope of good taste, threatening from time to time to plunge off into sentimentality or—what is worse—undignified disclosure. That Miss Salter succeeds in maintaining her balance is partly a tribute to her and partly to the great and delightful eccentric about whom she writes. She was Dame Edith's secretary for the last eight years before Dame Edith's death, and what she is telling is the story not only of a friendship and the triumphant Indian Summer of a remarkable life, but of the long dying until at last "all was over, bar the shouting and the worms." While I am not entirely sure of the audience to whom this (on the whole delightful) book is addressed, I judge myself to be part of it, and hope there will be many others. One other thing—I cannot forbear pointing out the felicity of the author's choice of the effigy of Elizabeth I as the last photograph in the book after the series of photo-

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graphs of Dame Edith. The long-lasting strain of the Plantagenet blood is clear, and I suspect they were much alike in other ways as well.

J. C. LOBDELL

AN EXPENSIVE PLACE TO DIE, by Len Deighton (Putnam, $4.95). Fu Manchu and the Mad Scientist are brought up to date in *An Expensive Place to Die*, a sophisticated spy story set in Paris. Mr. Deighton (*Funeral in Berlin, The Billion Dollar Brain*) is a past master at scrambling odd characters and unlikely relationships. In *An Expensive Place*, the mad scientist type who runs a house of prostitution-cum-perversion-cum-blackmail in a Paris suburb has a natural daughter who is the ex-wife of the French Chief Inspector, the girlfriend of the sleek young playboy who will come to a predictably bloody end, the protectress (mother instinct?) of the British secret agent protagonist whose task, it turns out, is to leak U.S. atom secrets to the Fu Manchu type, a Red Chinese official. Somehow Mr. Deighton manages to unscramble it, to knock off the bad guys, save the good guys, tell us a lot about Paris: in short, to give those who enjoy their cloaks and daggers on the urbane side, another whirl for their money.

P. L. BUCKLEY

POVERTY U.S.A., by Thomas Gladwin (Little, Brown, $4.75). Wow! this is an awful book. The author is utterly ignorant of economics and economic history. He is utopian. He can't write a declarative sentence. And he is a bore. Purporting to "shed new light on the self-perpetuating plight of the poor," anthropologist Gladwin has given us nothing more than a volume from some future American version of the *Soviet Encyclopedia*: history rewritten according to ideological dicta: ". . . Control of this abundance remained concentrated in the hands of a relative few. . . . Social justice still came only for those cast in the Horatio Alger mold. Yet these were the years in which the foundations were laid for an economy potentially so productive that true social justice could at least be talked about as if it were realistically attainable." And so on.

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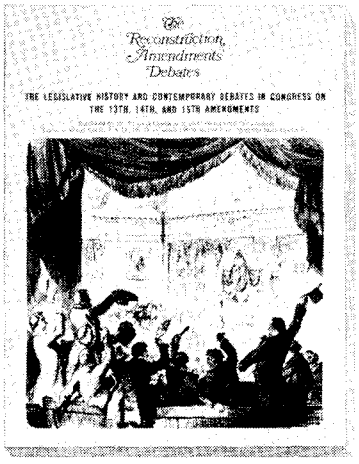
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In order to make the debates which show the original meaning of these amendments more readily available, the Virginia Commission on Constitutional Government has commissioned a work editing this mass of *Globe* material for reproduction. The book, entitled *The Reconstruction Amendments' Debates*, will be ready for distribution early in 1967.

Soft-back edition $3.00
Hard-back edition $4.50

Virginia Commission on Constitutional Government
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HUXLEY

(Continued from p. 33)

tary, single-party state he has long been working for, done away with four semi-autonomous kingdoms, and apparently persuaded the Baganda to give up plotting and forget about their exiled Kabaka and their demolished traditional government.

The most sinister development of 1967 has been the infiltration of freedom fighters from central into southern Africa: mostly over the Zambian border into Rhodesia, where Rhodesian security forces reinforced by South African police intercepted and dispersed them. These invaders were tough, well-trained and well-equipped, probably in Tanzania and in the main by Chinese instructors, helped possibly by Algerians and Cubans; certainly they had Russian and Chinese arms. Many of them were South African, including Cape Coloreds, and their avowed intention was to link up with terrorist elements in the Republic and light fuses that one day, should they fulfill their mission, would reach the powder keg and blow up the whole of southern Africa.

This first attempt failed, but no one supposes it will be the last by a long chalk. Infiltration by well-armed bands of well-trained guerrillas from Zambia, Tanzania and the Congo is a fact that southern Africa will simply have to live with from now on. It is a situation tailor-made for Chinese and Russian exploitation and exploit it they will, at little cost to themselves and a mounting cost to southern Africa. For this reason alone, even if there were no others, Mr. Vorster could not afford to see the government of Mr. Smith brought down in disorder, and a path opened to the terrorists. Ironically enough, the British government, which goes on calling Mr. Smith's illegal and trying to overthrow it, continues to recognize a government in Zanzibar set up by bloody revolution without a shred of legality and by means of Chinese intervention, and now the point of entry and depot for Chinese arms.

One of the most remarkable and least-remarked features of the African scene is the comparative smoothness with which most of the Francophone countries, excluding Algeria, appear to conduct their affairs and their relations with France. In fact the way France has re-established her influence throughout the Middle East and Africa after such disasters as the Algerian war, and setbacks such as the defection of Guinea, seems almost a miracle. Perhaps these countries have been clever at keeping out of the news. Economic development has been steady and in some directions spectacular, the political kettle has mostly been kept off the boil, and France has managed to treble her trade with South Africa and establish there some significant new links, such as the purchase of uranium and a tie-up between the great mining group Anglo-American and the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas. Even massive French aid has produced only intermittent rumbles, not wild tirades, about neocolonialism. If the French do a fresh arms deal with Mr. Vorster, they will probably get away with it as they have got away with simultaneously arming the Israelis and winning Arab goodwill. This Gallic sleight-of-hand can only be admired by the fumbling and now rejected British, and indeed by the Americans, whose bank of goodwill is now so sadly shedding many of its assets in the world at large.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

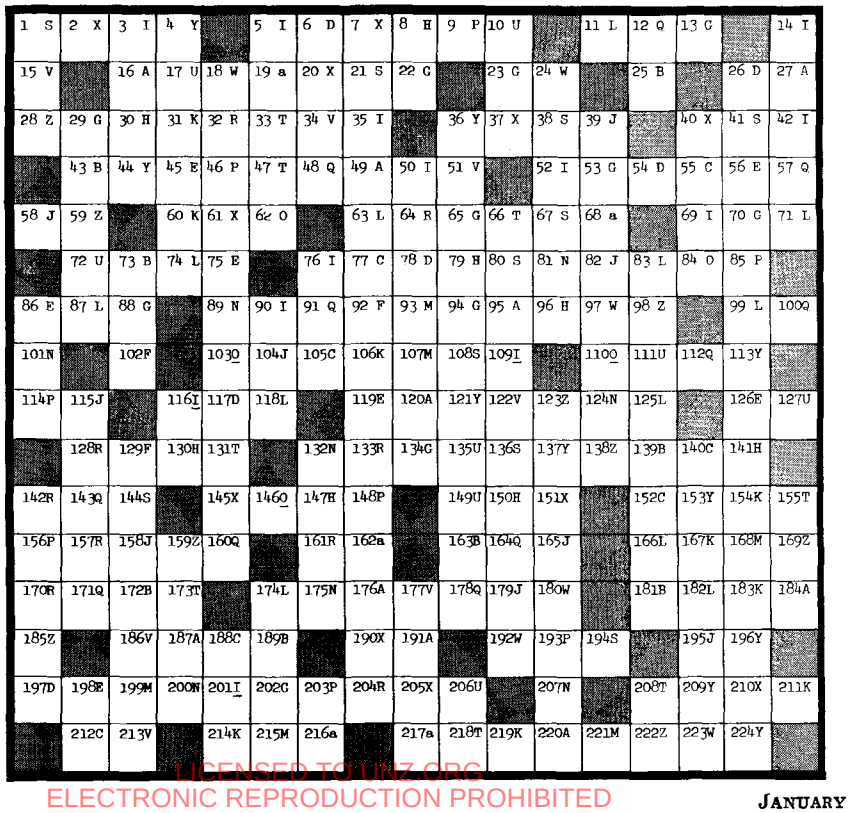
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. How you may some day travel to a satellite	16 27 49 95 187 120 176 220 184 191
B. The weapons with which a military unit is equipped	25 172 181 73 189 139 43 163
C. A hypothetical unit of time	55 77 105 212 140 188 152
D. What prices will be from now on if government waste isn't curbed	117 197 26 6 78 54
E. One who was inflicted with madness for her irreverence toward the gods	86 119 56 45 198 126 75
F. A Wednesday during Lent	102 92 129
G. One who disarmed and is about to lose her dress as a result (if Uncle Sam disarmed, he'd lose his pants)	134 13 70 53 88 22 29 65 23 202 94
H. Creatures who plan to invade the Moon	147 130 30 141 150 79 96 8
I. An instrument conferring the exclusive right to make, use, and sell an invention for a limited time	201 3 5 35 42 50 14 52 69 76 90 109 116
J. A gathering of persons to promote good feeling or restore friendly relations	82 158 179 104 115 165 195 58 39
K. Lack of vigor	154 31 219 211 60 106 214 167 183
L. Tennessee congressman whose fame was renewed a dozen years ago	71 11 83 125 166 174 182 63 74 118 87 99
M. A person who is under 21	93 168 199 107 221 215

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. The era in which we are living	101 89 200 124 81 207 132 175
O. The indoor sport of kings (and queens, etc.)	103 146 84 62 110
P. A Chilean general and statesman	114 156 203 9 46 193 148 85
Q. Former name of the Central African Republic	143 48 57 91 112 100 160 164 171 12 178
R. A rocket-propelled, gyroscopically steered projectile	170 133 142 64 128 204 161 32 157
S. A garment worn by athletes	194 1 21 38 67 80 41 108 136 144
T. The power or faculty of seeing	218 173 33 208 66 155 47 131
U. The period during the flight of an armed rocket or missile when the warhead cannot be detonated by the fuze	10 17 127 135 149 111 72 206
V. Something that displeases	15 186 213 122 34 51 177
W. A German physicist and chemist (1864-1941)	24 180 97 18 223 192
X. A person who is of little influence, importance, or effect	205 7 20 37 40 145 151 190 210 2 61
Y. State of having the attention sharply focused or fixed on something	209 4 36 44 113 121 137 153 196 224
Z. Members of a committee that recently apologized to President Johnson	28 59 98 169 159 185 138 222 123
a. Gapes	68 19 217 162 216

See page 49 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S

TRANS-O-GRAM (Dec. 26)

Francis P. Church: *Is There a Santa Claus?* There is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view —and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. (editorial, New York Sun, Sept. 21, 1897)

The "MacARTHUR Hearings"

Gen. **Douglas MacArthur,** considered by many to have been one of the greatest men that ever lived, was summarily relieved of his Far Eastern command on April 11, 1951.

Congress decided to investigate his dismissal. At the ensuing inquiry, held before a joint session of the Senate Armed Services & Foreign Relations Committees, Gen. MacArthur defended his position and spoke out against his critics.

Sen. **Richard Russell,** Chairman of the Joint Committee, said, as the General completed his testimony:

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- √ U.S. intelligence in Korea.
- √ The social changes that he engineered in Japan, which helped rebuild that country into a strong friend of the West.
- √ The quality of South Korean and Chinese Nationalist troops.
- √ The Wake Island conference with President Truman.
- √ The philosophy of Communism.
- √ Atomic war.
- √ The Sino-Soviet split, **which he foresaw.**

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Day of decision for **Nelson Rockefeller**: March 22. That's the last day he can file a disavowal statement and stay out of Oregon primary. It comes after New Hampshire (which could be death knell for **George Romney**), but before important Wisconsin and Nebraska primaries. . . . Latest polls show **Richard Nixon** running 3-1 ahead of Romney in N.H. **David Broder** of *Washington Post* quotes one dispirited Romney supporter in N.H. as saying "He [Romney] is running ahead of **Harold Stassen**." . . . Situation confused by endorsement of Rockefeller-Reagan ticket last week by **William Miller**, **Goldwater**'s '64 runningmate: odd since Rockefeller did not endorse Goldwater-Miller ticket in '64. Could Miller (a former congressman) be wanting to get back into N.Y. State Republican politics? . . . Sen. **Frank Carlson**, who will retire from Senate this year, will be favorite son candidate in Kansas, he says. Carlson, who will undoubtedly get it, is conservative.

■ Latest from the Soul Brothers: **Julian Lester** of SNCC urges Negroes to make Lyndon Johnson afraid to leave the White House. Suggested tactics: spit on the President, throw rocks at his limousine, overturn it, strew the road with tacks, smash windows. Lester, incidentally, is regular columnist for *National Guardian*. . . . Twenty-seven Negro leaders have petitioned UN for "special membership" as a "permanent group of observers made up of black people living in America." Among them: **Julian Bond**, **H. Rap Brown**, **Stokely Carmichael**, **LeRoi Jones**, **Floyd McKissick**, **James Forman**, **William Epton**.

■ Dirty deal in the Congo. President **Joseph Mobutu** has told newsmen that Rwanda has agreed to turn over to him the 120 white mercenaries who crossed into Rwanda in November on Organization of African Unity safe conduct. . . . *Newscheck*, well-informed South African news-magazine, reports that the Katangan gendarmes who served with Col. **Schramme**'s force were forcibly returned to the Congo from Zambia after Mobutu threatened reprisals against Zambia. . . . . **Japanese businessmen** seem to be picking up the chips in the Congo as Belgian exodus continues. They're rebuilding war-damaged railroads, moving into some of the mining industries. Advantage: no colonial history in Africa and they're not white.

■ First important test of political strength of peaceniks in '68 will be when Reform Democrat **Mel Dubin** runs as peace candidate for congressional seat in NY's 13th CD (incumbent **Abraham Multer** has been appointed to state Supreme Court) early this year. Dubin, incidentally, is a cofounder of pacifist *War/Peace Report*. . . . **Donna Allen**, founder of Women Strike for Peace, says she'll run as peace candidate for District of Columbia delegation to GOP convention in Miami. . . . Sen. **Birch Bayh** of Indiana, a liberal, says he'll support Gov. **Branigin**'s favorite son bid in that state. Branigin will stand in for LBJ against war critic, Sen. **Vance Hartke**. . . . Retirement of Sen. **Bourke Hickenlooper** (Iowa) means senior Republican on Senate Foreign Relations Committee will be, like its Democratic chairman **Wm. Fulbright**, a dove. He's **George Aiken**, Vt.

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■ Three British diplomats beaten and humiliated by Chinese Communists in Peking, Shanghai and Macao were among those to appear on **Queen Elizabeth**'s Christmas Honors' list, in escalation of London-Peking tit-for-tattery. . . . Remember those three **U. S. sergeants** released by the Vietcong in November, who were alleged to have been brainwashed? Didn't take: two have reenlisted, the third says he may. . . . At year-end **Red China**, which has diplomatic relations with 44 countries, had ambassadors in only four of them: Albania, Egypt, Syria, Mauretania, the rest having been recalled in course of Cultural Revolution.

■ Putting it on the line: In New Year address to Chinese people, **Chiang Kai-shek** called **Mao Tse-tung** a "villain," "archcriminal," "notorious liar," "traitor," an "egocentric," a "devil tyrant," a "self-centered bandit chief" and "the sole selfish landlord and capitalist of the Communist hell" in China.

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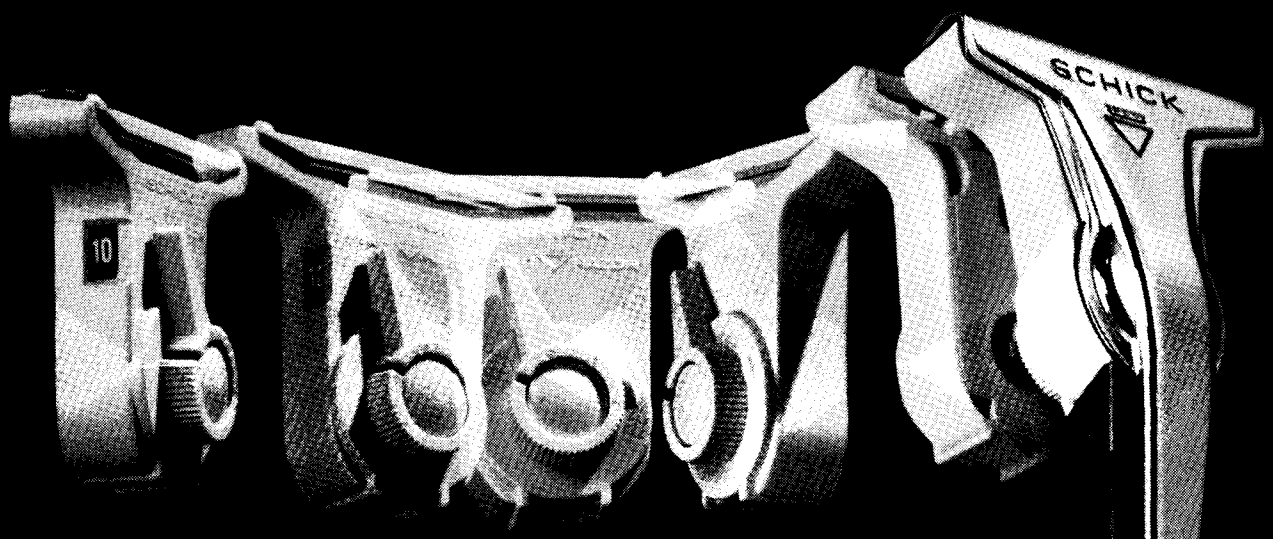

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